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TO

MAJOR-GENERAL BURN,

COMMANDANT

OF THE WOOLWICH DIVISION

OF ROYAL MARINES,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A SMALL MARK

OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED

AND MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

A celebrated Scottish Author has said, "There is at least *one* advantage in the poetical inclination, that it is an incentive to philanthropy. There is a certain poetic ground, on which a Man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart: the causes of human depravity vanish before the romantic enthusiasm he professes, and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate."

If this be a just sentiment, what heart is so cold as not to wish, that, like the ancient *Sicilians*, we were a *Nation of Poets?* From an ardent love of the simple and unadorned effusions of the poets of his native country, the Author at an early age was naturally led to imitate what he so passionately admired.

The trifles now presented to the Public may be found to contain little of that poetic fire so deeply infused into the strains of *Burns;* yet, perhaps, it may be proper to remark, that

the greater part of the following poems was composed, not amid the green fields and *birken* bowers of Scotland, where the enthusiasm of the Bard is promoted by the *wimpling* of her *burns*, and the warbling of her blackbirds; but amid the howling waves and blustering tempests of the Adriatic, the *fractis rauci fluctibus Adriae* *, while the Author was for several years employed at the blockade of Venice. But with whatever courage he may have opposed the enemies of his country, he dreads the attacks of fastidious Criticism. To these, however, he is aware that every one who gives his productions to the Public necessarily subjects himself. He courts the animadversions of the fair and liberal critic; and trusts that the candid will be disposed to make allowances, and not blame with asperity, what was produced in situations not the most favourable for fostering the poetical spirit.

ANSTRUTHER WESTER,
July 15. 1811.

* Horat.

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POEMS AND SONGS.

RETIREMENT.

GENIUS of blest Retirement! Gentle power!
Whose dwelling is yon lone sequester'd bower,
Come from thy branch-roofed tangled Solitude,
And, as I ponder in my pensive mood,
Direct my pen! Ye Muses, haste along!
Can ye refuse when Delia claims the song?
My Delia, sweet as breath of rosy morn,
Or silver dew-drop pensile on the thorn:
Oh! would but Heaven with bliss my wishes crown,
That I might call the charming maid mine own,

And, ere old age my frame hath rendered weak,
And laid his chilly finger on my cheek,
Taste the pure comforts of domestic ease,
When Solitude has every power to please.
  Hail blest Retirement! O, may I enjoy
Thy soul-regaling sweets which never cloy;
Be mine some sheltered wood-imbower'd retreat,
Far from the world, near thine and Fancy's seat!
There let me sit the live-long sober day,
Musing the hours delightfully away;
There may I linger, rapt in pleasing care,
(The oak's high root or moss-grown stone my chair,)
And reap delicious joys of contemplation there:
Nor may the foot of thoughtless vulgar men
With step unhallowed my retreat profane;
My sole Companion be the Muse, to talk
With her enraptured in my lonely walk,

Or, if the sound of foot disturbs my shade,
Be it thy own dear step, my lovely maid!
Come, come, my Delia! fly the city's noise,
And try with me the country's simpler joys;
Behold! each tree, that lifts his top on high,
Expands his foliage to allure thine eye;
Each daisy, that beside the riv'let blows,
Courts thy fair foot to trample where it grows;
Each bird, that sings his discant on the tree,
Exerts his little powers in song for thee,
And seems to bid thee seek the verdant haunts,
Where ev'ry branch and ev'ry thicket chants:
How sweet to send the never-sated eye
Across the country's flow'ry luxury!
How laugh the hills exulting in their green;
How shines the valley's wide and various scene!
E'en the bleak rocks, by spring's enlivening power
Forced into beauty, gaily sprout and flower,

And cowslips, on the crag's rude ruffian side,
Peep from the cliffs, and shew their pretty pride.
The Zephyr now his airy speed foregoes,
And seems to sleep upon the blushing rose;
Then, in a soft gale gently playing, flings
A country's fragrance from his balsam-wings,
And fans delight around the Shepherd's brow,
And breathes into his cheek the ruddy healthful glow.

Health! without thee our best pursuits are vain,
And all the joys man labours to obtain;
But, blest with thee, e'en poverty we scorn,
Thou ruddy daughter of the beaming morn!
Retirement's joys—(do not mistake the Muse,
No hermitess is she, nor sad recluse)—
Are only relished in the calm retreats,
Where simple Nature lavishes her sweets;
Hid far from vulgar eyes, the harrassed mind
Thinks for itself on subjects most refined,

Imagination spreads her boundless wing,
And Mem'ry traces Truth back to its spring;
And, wondering at this fair creation's laws,
Settles delighted in the great First Cause.

Yet they, who seek the shade, in hope to find
A pleasing refuge from a guilty mind,
Will miss their aim:—Upon this truth rely,
That from ourselves in vain we hope to fly;
The wise, the joys of solitude may share;
The weak, the vicious, find no pleasure there.
Thou, who wouldst leave the busy world behind,
Examine well the tenour of thy mind;
If Nature's works seem languid to thine eye,
If hills delight thee not, nor azure sky,
Forbear rash mortal! ere the attempt be made,
The throng will suit thee better than the shade!

How do I pity Fashion's foolish crowd,
Gay, ever-varying mortals, vain and proud!

That, dancing blythe in Fortune's sunny ways
Seek peace in theatres, in balls and plays;
And hunt for pleasure and her syren train,
Yet live in one perpetual round of pain:
Unlike the few who court Retirement's aid,
And seek the pleasures of the rural shade;
From Nature's purest springs their joys are drawn;
Sweet is to them the verdure of the lawn;
Their music is the lark that, high in air,
Sits in an amber cloud, and carols there;
Their theatre is all the world abroad,
Sky, ocean, hill, and dale, each lovely work of God!

Such are the scenes that please the rural few;
Such are the scenes that ever charm a-new;
For Nature's aspect thro' the varied year,
To all her votaries will still be dear

Whether the Spring with flow'rets gems the plain,
Or florid Summer wantons in her train,
Or Autumn loads the vallies with her store,
Or surly Winter lifts his churlish roar.

Come then, Retirement, let me seek thy bower!
There let me spend each late, each early hour;
Soon, as the sun shall tinge the orient sky,
From sleep's soft silken fetters let me fly;
And, as at morn I take my walks abroad,
Join God's creation in a hymn to God:
Shall man, whose soul with reason's lucid ray
Is all illumined into mental day,
Shall he, while ev'ry minstrel of the grove
Joins in full chorus to the God of love,
Stand idly mute amid the tuneful throng,
Nor lift his voice to swell the gen'ral song?
No—while each object here devoid of art
Draws forth the pure affections of the heart,

Man foremost in the throng shall raise his voice,
To praise that Power who bids the world rejoice.
From walks like these, the still-enlarging mind
Expands into benevolence refined,
And in a generous love embraces human kind:
For look around—whatever meets the eyes
Has power or to instruct, or tranquillize;
The flowers and shrubs are books where all may read
The power of him that beautifies the mead;
The running brooks are sermons to declare
How fleeting, frail, and fugitive we are;
Each tree that throws his leafy arms on high,
As if desirous to embrace the sky,
Fails not t' instruct us like a faithful friend,
Whither our wishes and our hopes should tend.
When ev'ning comes, mild Contemplation's hour,
What heart but owns the magic of its power!

Or who can see the broad-orb'd sun decline,
And yet forget that power who makes him shine!
Lo! as he sinks in western seas afar,
Celestial beauty dances round his car!
Bright as the sheeny robes which angels wear,
How swim the light clouds in the gaudy air,
Dispreading o'er the skies their glist'ring fleeces
fair!
How glow the yellow-coloured hills, that seem
To lift their heads more high to catch the beam!
While on their sides the waving woods, behold!
Change their high leafy greenness into gold:
Till, disappearing with the Source of light,
These vivid beauties vanish from the sight.
Now darkness draws her sable curtains round,
And the rapt soul is lost in thought profound;
O happy hour, to meditation dear,
The hour that only fools and villains fear!

When sage Reflection says, or ought to say,
What have you done? How have you spent the day?
The good man, conscious he has done his best,
With heart approving, lays him down to rest,
Light pleasing visions play around his head,
And guards angelic watch his sacred bed!
Not so the man of dark and guilty mind,
Whom ties of blest Religion cannot bind;
And who, when ev'ning comes, or hour of prayer,
Ne'er asks his conscience what is doing there;
And, tho' for years to ev'ry vice a prey,
Has never learn'd to cry, "I've lost a day!"
He roots Reflection from his torpid breast,
And to his bed retires, but not to rest;
For hideous forms before his fancy roll,
And spectres haunt and "harrow up his soul!"
  But turn, my Delia, hither turn thy view
To scenes more pleasing to the godlike few,

Where Nature's prospects wide extended lie,
And no temptation lures the wand'ring eye;
Where innocence and virtue lead the way,
And bliss domestic crowns each happy day.
  Domestic happiness! chief wish of all
That have despised *Ambition's* frantic call,
Who, wise retiring from the worldly strife,
Glide unperceived a-down the stream of life,
Just placed above the reach of Fortune's frown,
With joy familiar, tho' to courts unknown.
  Thus some small brook pours its pure stream along,
Thro' shrubs and flowers, tho' quite unknown in song;
Unseen it wanders down the untrodden glen,
Shunning the gaze of busy thoughtless men;
The humble shepherd only marks its course,
Nor trav'ller from afar enquires its source.

EPISTLE

TO

MR DAVID SILLAR, IRVINE.

This freedom in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse.
BURNS.

WILL *Burns'* late frien' an' bosom cronie
List to my lays, tho' far frae bonnie?
Will he, wha lives fu' cuth an' snug,
To a poor Wand'rer lend his lug?
Wha langsyne left his native plains,
(Land o' ait cakes, an' cantie strains,)
An' ventured on the pathless ocean,
In hopes o' honour, fame, promotion;—

Let Cynics dull, this passion blame,
Wha wou'dna wish to leave—a *name!*
Will he, wha strays 'mang hills an' woods;
List to a Rhymer on the floods,
Whar *Adria* pours her foamin' tides,
An' swift the stately vessel glides,
Near rough rude mountains theek'd wi' snaw,
That simmer suns can hardly thaw,
Whar savage beasts prowl for their prey,
An' men almost as wild as they!—
Yet sometimes am I wafted o'er,
Near famed *Italia's* flowery shore,
Where all the Muses sung of yore;
But fient a ane e'er visits me;
Ablins they dinna like the sea!
An' hark ye, lad, (tho' dinna tell,)
They like it nae war than mysel!
For, gin I cou'd but better do,
Saut water ne'er shou'd weet my shoe.

But, *Davie*, if, in twa-three year,
Peace shou'd return ilk heart to cheer,
Back to Auld *Scotia* quick I'll flie,
Her cakes an' Usquebae to prie;
The auld thack house I'll cleed ance mair,
An' whiten weel the outer stair,
And mak' the inside snug an' bien,
For weel I like to see things clean;
An' nae attention shall be spar'd,
To cultivate the green kail-yard;
I'll plant my cabbage an' potatoes,
An' be anither *Cincinnatus!*
Nae mair shall Turkish, turban'd lown
Pelt me wi' stanes out o' his town; *

* The Author and another officer belonging to his Majesty's ship *Unite'*, having strayed into a remote part of the city of Constantinople, were pelted with stones by some of the inhabitants.

The Fifan plain, the Firth o' Forth,
Shall bind me to the hardy North.
Tho' here they boast the clust'ring vine,
An' fill their goblets high wi' wine,
Tho' bounteous *Ceres* swells their sheaves,
Poor devils! at the best, they're slaves!
O leeze me on thee, *Scotia* auld!
Tho' gowks may say ye're bleak an' cauld,
Your soil, be' t e'er sae thin or bare,
Fair Freedom's plant ay blossoms there;
Your mountains too are steep an' hie,
Yet on their taps there grows a tree
Whase sacred name is—*Libertie!*
An' tho' our bev'rage is but whisky,
Thank G—d, we drink it free an' frisky;
An' tho' we pay right weel in taxes,
Nae Tyrant e'er our purse-neck raxes;
Our barley-fields, then, wha'd resign
To live a slave aneath a vine?

Gif i' the warld lurks sic a knave,
He weel deserves to be a slave!
Your cronie WILL is hale an' weel,
Dealin' his blister, drug, an' peel;
In short, we'd be ill aff without him;
He's nae *Sangrado* tricks about him,
Nor like *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
Wha set e'en Death himsel' a-laughin';
But he wi' care o' ilka creature
Aids an' assists auld Madam Nature;
An' Nature, *Davie*, let me tell,
Is nae bad Doctor o' hersel'.
I'm unco proud to ca' him frien',
An' aft we walk the deck at e'en,
There, to beguile the orra time,
I rant him owre a blaud o' rhyme,
Frae chiels wha weel cou'd tune the reed,
An' still delight us, tho' they're dead;

An' sometimes, whan our humour's frisky,
I rane owre "The effects o' Whisky."*
How *Tuncan* set the flowin' sail,
An' spread it wide to catch the gale,
But, swiggin' deeply at the Tankard,
Tonnel forgot the boat was anchor'd;
Sae tossed an' tumbled a' the night,
Which put the Packman in a fright;
Whan mornin' cam', they gae a girn,
An' drew on board "the grapple airn,"
An' tauld poor Tam,—"tho' we tid try
"Our poats no' learn to sail when ty!"—
Sometimes auld *Scotia* is our theme,
An' a' the frien's we left at hame;
That subject never fails to please,
What airt soever bla's the breeze;

* "Tuncan and Tonnel, or the Effects o' Whisky." a Tale, written by Mr Sillar.

Gude keep them a' frae want an' harm,
We aften pray wi' hearts fu' warm:
For *Willie* is (tho' somewhat bluff),
A piece o' Nature's sterling stuff
An', for his frien's an' Country's weel,
Wad brave, Gude save's! the vera Diel.
When Storms arise, and wild winds blow,
We often "stagger to and fro;"
Oft, while the sons of lux'ry sleep,
We "view the wonders of the deep;"
When o'er our heads fly dark thick clouds,
And howling winds roar thro' the shrouds,
The vessel hangs high on the wave,
Then sinks—as in a yawning grave;
Anon she mounts,—and reels amain
On the huge wave—then sinks again;
When billows threaten to o'erwhelm
The Seamen at the guiding helm,

With steady care the ship control,
So firm and dauntless is each soul!
  Oft, in its drearest darkest form,
Have I enjoyed the rising Storm;
Beheld the waves roll mountain-high,
Commix with clouds, and cleave the sky;
The mind then quits mean things below,
And feels Devotion's warmest glow;
Upward the raptured soul ascends
To him, who rides on viewless winds,
Who bids the raging ocean roar,
And foaming lash the rocky shore;
Who sends the whirlwind fierce abroad,
And stills the tempest with a nod!

* * * * * *

H. M. Ship Unité, Adriatic,
December 31st, 1808.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

'TIS three years now, and somewhat more,
Since first I left my native shore,
And many a clime I've wandered o'er
My Delia.

No foreign shore has charms for me
Tho' distant climes or realms I see
" My heart untravell'd turns to thee"
My Delia.

When roving on a foreign strand,
What chord unseen, what magic band,
Still draws me to my native land,
My Delia?

Say, is it friendship's sacred tie,
Or love's magnetic sympathy?
For here we view a purer sky,
My Delia.

Here Nature spreads her bounteous vine,
And fills the cup with gen'rous wine,
Where many a *Belle* is styled divine,
My Delia.

Still let them boast a face more fair,
A finer shape, a nobler air,
Yet sure they want thy virtues rare,
My Delia.

What signifies a snow-white skin,
A rosy cheek, a dimpled chin,
If destitute of worth within,
My Delia?

Beauty's bright blaze may charm the eyes,
And strike the gazer with surprise,
But virtue *lives* when beauty *dies*,
My Delia!

While on life's sea tempestuous driven,
Virtue's a plant to mortals given,
Which buds on earth, but blooms in heaven,
My Delia.

Life's stormy ocean safely past,
Virtue shall feel no with'ring blast;
In heaven we'll happy be at last,
My Delia.

Mediterranean, March 10th, 1809.

EPISTLE

TO

MAJOR GENERAL BURN

Of the Royal Marines.

WITH SOME POEMS.

SIR, I have sent you here, I think,
Enough o' my poor crambo-clink;
Yet, gif you like it,—in a blink,
I'll send you mair;
As lang's I've paper, pen, an' ink,
I've rhyme to spare.
Rapt into extacy sublime,
I early felt the charm o' rhyme;
Then I began (tho' rude) to chime;
It ga'e me pleasure,
Sae snoov't awa withouten *time*,
Or even *measure*.

My Mither tongue can best impart,
To me the language o' the heart;
Its uncouth phrase, devoid of art,
Has charms for me;
Ilk word comes piercin' like a dart,
Wi' fun and glee.
But you, sae lang an' far frae hame,
Its simple Doric sound may blame,
An' think my numbers unco lame,
An far frae clever;—
Shall I o' *Scotia's* tongue think shame?
Na, never, never!
In you, respected Sir, I view,
The Soger an' the Christian too,
Ay to your Country's service true,
By pen an' sword;
But soon I hope you'll bid adieu
To war abhor'd!

An' war, I trust, wi' a' her train,
Will soon be banished frae the plain;
Then absent friends will meet again
In social glee,
The stoup an' bicker baith to drain
O' barley bree!

Whan friends an' lovers a' shall meet,
Wi' joy unfeigned they'll ither greet;—
The thought o't makes my heart to beat,
Inspires my sang!
Peace, wi' her olive branch sae sweet,
Shall come ere lang.

The hardy Sailor, bauld as Mars,
Gif ance he were come frae the wars,
Wi' pride will show his cuts an' scars,
An' fired wi' rage,
Will tell how yet again he dares
The foe engage!

The Soldier, left to rove at large,
(Safe in his pouch, his wished discharge,)
Will lay aside the sword and targe,
An' plough or sow,
While only in his dreams he'll charge
The desp'rate foe.

But stop, my Muse, nor flee sae high,
Come down again, an' heave a sigh
Of heart-consoling sympathy,
For those wha weep,
Wi' bitter grief an' teary eye,
For frien's *asleep !*—

Whane'er you leave the martial field,
An' quit the sword for *Gospel* shield,
Will you come here and tak' a bield,
Frae noise apart,
Wi' *Christian Panoply* weel steel'd
'Gainst ev'ry dart?

Come, view ance mair your native place;
The scenes o' youth wi' rapture trace;
Auld *time* nae doubt has changed their face,
Thro' length o' years;
Yet here her standard meek-ey'd Peace
Delighted rears.
The scenes you loved in life's gay morn;
Thro' *Keil's* * romantic den unshorn,
Deckt wi' the spink an' sweet hawthorn,
Wi' pleasure range;
Tho' age wi' altered e'e will mourn
Some *seemin'* change.
The bosom friends of early days
Are scattered many diff'rent ways;
Few, few are left,—Death ever sways
His iron rod;
The young may fa',—the auld he lays
Aneath the sod!

* A small romantic glen near Largo in Fifeshire.

But why begin a pensive strain ?—
Man surely was na made in vain ;—
Why some are ta'en, why some remain,
Will yet appear ;
Good, friendly, social, honest men
Ha'e nought to fear.
While morn succeeds the darksome night,
While Nature rins her round aright,
While burning Phoebus flaming bright,
Shall cheer the day,
Till death at length shall close my sight,
Yours, *Charles Gray.*

Anstruther,
Dec. 1801.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Intended to have been spoken at ANSTRUTHER, *the 21st of February* 1810, *on a Play being performed there for the benefit of the Poor.*

TRUE—" Charity begins at home,"—You're right—
But yet, thank God, she walks abroad to-night;
Wisely from such old saws, my friends, depart,
Oh! open wide, but never shut the heart;
The poor man's mite not arrogantly given,
Finds favour in th' all-seeing eye of Heaven,
And 'tis the same, I think, if Anster's poor
Are helped at Kirk-style, or at Play-house door!
Let him rejoice, whose heart, begirt with steel,
Another's woes or wants can never feel;

Let him rejoice—he heeds not mis'ry's groan—
His pleasures, like his gold, are all his own!
When winter pinches hard the starving poor,
'Gainst them he bars his iron-studded door;
Keen blows the wind, down comes the drenching rain;
There Poverty may knock,—but knock in vain!
Fur-clad he sits—bright blaze his evening fires,
While sad and slow pale poverty retires,
Retires to sheds where want her vigils keeps;
No rev'ling there—with grief she wails and weeps,
Chinky the walls,—on straw she tries to sleep,
While round her whirls the snow, in many a drifted heap!

Is there a soul beneath this roof to-night,
Who has refused to Poverty the mite?
Not one—to-night you are assembled here,
From Mis'ry's eye to wipe the scalding tear;

Of frail old age to smooth the rugged path,
Support it on, and cheer the bed of death!
Poor is the man who never did bestow
A mite to Poverty, a sigh to Woe;
Who never felt—what cannot be expressed—
A gen'rous something glowing in his breast;
But, cursed with riches and a barbarous heart,
Clenched his cold hand forgetful to impart!
Far richer he who from his scanty store,
Gives with a sigh, and wishes it were more!

Had Heaven designed in this our mortal state,
To make mankind at once all rich and great,
Then sorrow-soothing Pity, like a dove,
Had ne'er descended from the realms above;
Then Sympathy, and all the heaven-born train
Of finer feelings had been given in vain;
Man then inanimate as stone or wood,
Had lost "the luxury of doing good;"

And Heaven in vain had lent its boundless
store :—
We pity not the rich—but helpless poor !
And sure this night, the tongue of withered age
Shall bless you, good folks ! and shall thank the
stage :—
We too are grateful for each favour past,
And trust, the impression will forever last ;
Permit us then to wish, before we go,
That none here present e'er may taste of woe ;
Still be the dower of ev'ry Anster heart,
The warm, divine ambition, to impart ;
And still (what, Sirs, I really think no worse is)
Swoln and expanded be the Anster purses ;
And ne'er be wanting, to refresh the body,
Both roast and boiled, and seas of whisky toddy !

EPISTLE TO P. A. H.

Sent with a volume of Poems the Author had borrowed.

SIR, I've returned your rhymin' ware,
And hope that you will lend me mair,
As soon as this is landet;
But, why you've come na here yoursel',
Is something that I canna tell,
Or dinna understand it:
Does Winter, wi' her gurly train
O' pinchin' frost an' sna,'
Loud roarin' wind, an' drenchin' rain,
Keep you sae lang awa?
But you lad, it's true, lad,
Are ablins press'd for time;
Then I now, shall try now
To spin some raplock rhyme.

Whane'er *Rob Burns* comes i' my hand,
My crambo-jingle a' maun stand,
I tine a' self conceit;
I fling my pen in silence by,
An' rise—or in a rapture cry,
"Wha like thee, *Burns*, can write?"
Weel skilled the magic wand to wield
Out owre the human heart,
A' *Scotia's* Bards to him maun yield;
He's nature without art!
Yet linkin', an' clinkin',
I tag the tither line;
Tho' huffed at, an' cuffed at,
By a' the famous Nine.

A toom pouch an' a ragget coat,
Is unco aft the Poet's lot,
An' miseries in store;

But yet they've pleasures here below,
An' joys the Miser ne'er can know,
Wi' a' his yellow ore;
The Poet casts his rovin' een,
Owre Nature's broad expanse;
Admires ilk rude, ilk lovely scene,
Wi' mony a raptured glance;
Flowers springin', birds singin',
The mountains, vales, and trees,
The ocean, in motion,
His roamin' fancy please.—

Say ye my friend, what's earthly bliss?
Is it the lover's raptured kiss,
Or is it makin' gear?
Or is it faithless Fortune's smile,
Or is it ay to drudge an toil,
And never ance forbear?

The Lover thinks't his fav'rite lass,
The Miser warldly gear,
But baith o' them do aft prove fause;—
'Tis live while we are here,
For Fortin's sae sportin',
She bide's na' wi' the best
An' drudgin', an' grudgin',
Is war than a' the rest!

I think King Solomon, the wise,
Some whar' gies us this guid advice,
"Let man enjoy his ain;
For what he has sae toughly wrought,
Let him eat, drink, an' want for nought;
Pleasure should follow pain!"
He found that wisdom was much grief,
That knowledge was but madness;
When learnin' brought him nae relief,
A bottle brought him gladness.

When bousin', carousin,
Man gies his mind to mirth;
While nappy, he's happy,
As onie King on earth.

Then, as Auld Horace sagely sung,
Seize ye the joy whan ye are young,
Nor heed poor sordid cash;
But prize ilk hour that passes by
Ablins the neist ane ye may die;
For owre-come then ne'er fash:—
Do you, my friend, while you are here,
O' life's sma pleasures taste,
An' ne'er heap up poor warld's gear,—
Enough's as guid's a feast;
For gold Sir, I'm told, Sir,
Wou'd but encrease our care,
Had we that, you'd see that,
We'd ay be wantin' mair.

Now, sin' you wear the *Gaugin' Stick*,
See that you keep to honour strick,
An' wrang nae honest body;
But to sma dealers ay be good,
Wha strive to mak' a livelihood,
By sellin' Gin an' toddy;
An' should you stumble on a *Stell*,
Ne'er try to get a cleek o't;
Gang by—an' never fash yoursel',
E'en tho' you see the reek o't:
Auld *Fife*, man, has life, man,
Whan fed wi' barley wash;
'Tis killin', distillin'
Frae turnips an' sic trash!

'Tis *wishin'-time*—a guid New-Year,
Sound health, hale banes, aye routh o' cheer,
A heart baith warm an' light!

May care an' want keep far awa',
While weel-timed daffin' fills your ha',
The lee-lang winter night!
What tho' the bitter north wind bla,'
An' whistle thro' the trees?
Guid cheer will fleg the frost awa,'
Your heart will never freeze,
While drinkin', nor thinkin,'
'Bout either care or cauld;
But tasting an' feasting,
As guid folk did o' auld!

Anstruther, January,
1*st*, 1802.

VERSES

Written in a state of Melancholy.

WINTER! I love thy rigid reign,
Tho' piercing be the cold,
When all our rivers form a plain
Of harden'd icy mould;

The *Robin*, driven by the wind,
Hops round from tree to tree;
But ah! no shelter can he find,
And flies at last—to me!

Ye little songsters of the grove!
No more I hear your strains,
Which breath'd the very soul of love,
When summer deckt the plains.

How bright did life's gay spring-time pass,
  While chanting *Julia's* praise;
But it is winter now, alas!
  In summer of my days!

The short liv'd day, the low'ring sky,
  The naked leafless trees,
The howling storm, that rages high,
  My gloomy fancy please.

In all its fury let it blow,
  'Gainst my defenceless head;
With wind, and hail, and sleet, and snow,
  Since Nature's self seems dead!

But Nature will revive again,
  The birds will cease to mourn;
Spring will return to deck the plain,—
  —Will *Julia* too return?—

A PASTORAL

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS,

Whase Sangs will ay in Scotland be rever'd,
While slow-gaun owsen turn the flow'ry swaird;
While bonnie lammies lick the dews o' spring,
While gaudsmen whistle, or while birdies sing.

FERGUSSON.

YE Shepherds, so harmless and gay!
Whose sports each lone moment beguile,
Let this be remark'd as a day,
No pastime shall force you to smile;
For *Robin*, who sung in the vale,
And play'd with such skill on the reed,
(I weep while I tell you the tale,)
Oh! your much lov'd Shepherd—is dead!

Sure sorrow the eyes must bedew
  Of ev'ry gay nymph on the plain;
Their gambols no more they'll renew,
  Since dead is their favourite swain;
Sweet sounded his pipe thro' the grove,
  In a strain never equal'd before;
Our Nobles the Shepherd did love,
  And in dirges his death will deplore.

Oh! had he still follow'd the plough,
  Nor wander'd from shepherds afar,
('Twas then he bade temp'rance adieu,
  Tho' virtue with vice was at war;)
We still had been blest with our swain,
  And Poets his praise would have sung,
Tho' none could have equal'd his strain,
  So charmingly sweet was his tongue!

His songs were unpolish'd by art,
  And Nature pervaded the whole;
They must strike–for they came from the heart,
  As the genuine flow of the soul.
Our rivers shall live in his lay,
  Our hills shall exult in their green,
Our groves shall be flowery for aye,
  Our rocks shall re-echo his *Jean*!

His faults let no Shepherd proclaim;
  They were seen, but his virtues were hid:
How few e'er their neighbour would blame,
  If they look'd at themselves ere they did!
His lyrics have gained him applause,
  High up in the Temple of Fame;
And Time is espousing his cause,
  And engraving still deeper his name!

THE MUSE,

IN IMITATION OF BURNS.

The MUSE, *nae* POET *ever fand her,*
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang!
BURNS.

As down on *Dreela's* braes I strayed,
Whan e'en had wrapt the warld in shade;
The wind sough'd calmly thro' the glade;
The bick'rin' burn
In curlin' eddies gently played,
Wi' pleasin' mourn.

The bright moon now had left the seas,
Her rays light glented 'mang the trees,
Whase leaves scarce rustled wi' the breeze;
These a' conjoin'd
Did strive in diff'rent ways to please
My pensive mind.

I threw me on the swaird to rest;
An anxious sigh stole frae my breast,
To think how some chiels are caressed,
In Fortune's lap,
While some poor Devils are oppressed
Wi' fell mishap.

I thought upo' the Bardie clan,
Maist feckless o' the sons o' Man,
Wha live, poor sauls! without a plan
To guide them by,
An' seldom honour'd in our lan'
Until they die.

I thought upo' the *Fifan* plain
As yet unsung in tunefu' strain;
I in a high degree was fain
My skill to try;
But Fear my hand did still restrain,
I knew not why.
Ae thought did much my bosom pain;
Rob Fergusson, in tauntin' strain,
Wi' a' the pride o' high disdain
Mak's his verse run—
"FIFE is the most unhallow'd plain
Beneath the sun!"
He says we've night without a morn,
Our mirth by ghastly Fear is torn,
And here Hypocrisy hath borne,
Her filthy standard;—
O wow! in what sad place forlorn,
Cou'd he hae wander'd?

I took my pipe an' swore an aith,
That I wad bla gin I had breath,
Till *Scotia* shou'd hear o' the skaith
That *Rob* had done,
Altho' he flittet was by Death,
Ayont the moon.
But hardly had I tun'd my reed,
When a' my frame was seiz'd wi' dread,
I powerless grew—an' cauld as lead,
An' quickly fand,
The pipe ha'f lifted to my head
Drap frae my hand!
I ey'd it wi' a dumb despair,
Hafflins resolv'd to touch't nae mair,
Whan up the braes wi' sprightly air,
Came trippingly
A plaid-clad, tall, majestic fair,
Full in mine eye!

Her curlin' locks waved wi' the wind,
Her mantle flowed down loose behind;
I took her for my *Jessie* kind,
Sae sweet, sae fair,
Wha had to raise my drooping mind,
Come linkin' there.
But whan some nearer hand she drew,
Skippin' alang the new fa'n dew,
An' I her form cou'd fairly view;
Wi' look profound
I started up, an' made a bow
Low to the ground.
Wi' sma' inspection I cou'd trace
Youth's rosy bloom upon her face,
Marked with a keen, yet pleasing grace,
Her piercin' eye
Rolled o'er the vast unbounded space
Of earth and sky.

I gazed—astonished at the sight,
An' maist had swoon'd awa wi' fright;
For round her gleamed a radiant light,
While in her han'
She held a *pipe* as ivory bright
An' thus began:
"No longer mourn in plaintive strain,
These mean invectives 'gainst thy plain;
Come, take this pipe, thy rights maintain;
I'll aid thy lays,
'Till echoes a' resound again
Fife's weel sung praise.'
"This slender reed do not refuse,
But spurn such mean, such weak abuse,
As far below the Scottish Muse;
Make truth *thy* test,
And ne'er admit as an excuse
The laugh or jest.

"When Spring walks forth wi' modest mien,
Arrayed in robes of lovely green,
I see thee steal awa unseen,
Frae 'mang the crowd,
To wander by the *burn* at e'en
That babbles loud.

"In Summer when the sun shines high,
And Thunder rolls alang the sky,
Thro' which the vivid lightnings fly
Frae pole to pole,
I see thy heav'n-inverted eye
Up thither roll.

"When Autumn, crowned wi' yellow corn,
Does ilka haugh an' vale adorn,
I see thee seek yon aged thorn,
Ere yet the sun
Has smil'd upon the dewy morn,
Or toil's begun.

" And aften, in the Wintry skies,
Whan clouds on clouds like mountains rise,
I see thee view them with surprise
And rev'rent awe,
While frae their taps wild furious flies
The blindin' snaw.

" I've marked thy footsteps mony a time,
(Ere thou couldst vent thy thoughts in
rhyme,)
Gazin' upon these scenes sublime
In silent mood,
Which stole at length into a chime,
Artless and rude.

" Whan first the fair caught thy young eye,
And made thy ardent pulse beat high,
With fond impatience thou wou'dst try
To sing their praise ;
Well pleased to hear thee, I was nigh,
And marked thy lays.

" Tho', for sometime it flowed uncouth,
Rude as the first attempts of youth,
Ere lang it did thy passions soothe,
And cool thy flame;
Well pleased, I saw thee grasp at Truth
Instead of Fame!
" Then persevere—nor think it hard,
That some should scorn the name of Bard;
What tho' their favours thou ne'er shared,
The meltin' strain
Is sure to bring it's own reward,
In soothin' pain.
" The sons of Mammon never know
What joys the Muse has to bestow;
Their sordid souls aye grov'ling low
With base desire,
They never feel their bosoms glow
With hallowed fire.

" The Genius of thy native isle
Hath sent this pipe to ease thy toil,
Whan Care, low-broodin', sits the while
Upo' thy brow ;"
She spoke,—and, with a cheerin' smile,
Awa she flew !—

EPISTLE

TO

LIEUT. W—— D——,

Royal Navy,

On his leaving His Majesty's Ship Unité.

WITH SOME SONGS OF THE AUTHOR'S.

DEAR D—e! for thee these songs I've pen'd;
Then pray accept them as a friend,
Supposing still th' old adage true,
That real friends are very few;
Or, as some nameless Author says,
That Int'rest human actions sways,
For howe'er Fame men's praises sound,
Some selfish motives may be found,
Haply to fill with pelf the purse;
Or, that denied, perhaps a worse.

The rich, the poor, are just the same;
All like to play a winning game;
In short, let men say what they will,
'Tis vile Self-int'rest rules them still!
Supposing, as I said before,
That int'rest sways all less or more,
It would appear most strange to thee
To say, that I was wholly free!
And, since I've got some time to spare,
I'll tell you what my motives are.
These two years past we've been together,
In sunny and in stormy weather;
And tho', before, to each a stranger,
We've had some fun and faced some danger;
We've eat and drank at the same board,
But seldom been as "drunk's a Lord";
We've walked and talked, we've laughed
and smiled,
And thus full many an hour beguiled;

And (sweet reflection) both can say,
We've always lived in *Unité!*
And, as tis matter of debate,
Oft why we love or why we hate,
This line at once my motive ends,
" Pray place me on your list of Friends!"
And when you've reached old Albion's shore,
And from the land hear ocean's roar,
Where friend meets friend, and each full
heart
Is anxious something to impart,
When all around is mirth and glee,
O will you ever think of me?
Or, will you ever call to mind
Those friends you now must leave behind?
Where *Venice*' turrets, tow'r, and tree,
Seem peering from the chrystal sea;
And distant Alps appear to th' eye
Rising to pierce the cloudless sky,

And thrust their snowy heads above
Into the glitt'ring courts of Jove,
While from their sides the *Bora's* blow,
Chilling the verdant world below!
  Yes! these weak strains perhaps may last,
When all the joys that gild the past,
And all we did, and all we wrought,
By treach'rous Mem'ry is forgot;
And turning to some friend, you'll say
These are the rhymes of *Charles Gray*,
Whom fancy led to quit the throng,
And oft devote the hour to song!
What tho' my language may appear
Unpleasing to an *English* ear?
Some homely phrase uncouth may sound
To them who've ne'er trod *Scottish* ground
Yet strains, tho' destitute of art,
Steal warmer o'er the softened heart

Than pompous periods, round and full,
Deep laboured in some learned skull!
O sweet are *Scotia's* lyric strains,
When chanted by her nymphs and swains!
Soft as the winds at ev'ning's close,
When dew hangs on the blushing rose;
Soft as the tinkling summer rill,
Wand'ring adown the mossy hill;
Soft as a female lover's sigh,
Beneath her watchful Guardian's eye;
Sweet as the thrush's various note,
Wild warbled thro' its little throat;
Sweet as the early sky-lark's strain,
When Spring walks tiptoe o'er the plain;
More plaintive than the blackbird's song,
When ev'ning stills the choral throng;
More mournful than the nightingale,
When not a whisper stirs the vale;

As simple as the cuckoo's lay,
Heard from the wood at close of day;
Or angels harps when martyrs die,
Heard chiming from the balmy sky!

Perhaps you'll say—they're old and plain,
Yet still they boast a native vein;
From vile conceit and quaintness free,
They're Nature and Simplicity!

Not all her lays thus soft and plain;
Sometimes she breathes a wilder strain;
Strong as the winds resistless sweep,
Rousing the billows of the deep;
Strong as the wintry torrents roar,
Red-rushing to the rocky shore,
The captive soul is borne along
By the resistless flood of song!

If ever love my lays inspired,
Or friendship e'er my bosom fired;

If from my path I've chanced to stray,
And plucked a wild flower in my way;
Or, if my fancy ever drew
Some little sketch to Nature true,
Read, read, my friend! and if you find
Some kindred feeling touch thy mind,
Some secret sympathy of soul
Steal o'er thy heart without control,
Myself congratulate shall I
On my small skill in poesy;
E'en happy when I dare aspire,
To catch "one spark of Nature's fire;"
Methinks, tho' artless be my strain,
I have not wove my rhymes in vain,
If they have soothed a moment's pain.

H. M. Ship Unité, Adriatic,
4th March, 1807.

EPISTLE

TO

W—— T——, ANSTRUTHER,

On the Author's first arrival in Edinburgh.

AULD REEKIE! *wale o' ilka town*
That Scotland kens beneath the moon!

FERGUSSON.

THANKS for your letter, winsome *Willie!*
I've seldom seen a better;
Tho' I maun say't, ye coxin' billie,
I muckle doubt you flatter;
O' rhymes sae smooth, I'll no ill will ye,
But, sin' I am your debtor,
"Off loof" ye'se get a scrift (tho' silly)
O' my poor rhymin' clatter,
This vera day.

Lad! ye may bauldly brag o' favours
  Frae a' the tunefu' Nine;
While I maun scribble down my havers,
  Without plan or design;
Your flyin' Pegasus' endeavours
  Aboon a' words are fine;
But listen to my clish-ma-clavers,
  I'm mounted upo' mine
                To ride this day.

Gude safe us! man, how I did glowr
  Whan I cam' here awa;
As sure as three an' ane mak' four,
  The like you never saw!
But how shall I describe't in verse,
  Amid sic noise an' hurlin'?
My Muse may skreigh till tired an' hearse,
  Mid carts an' coach-wheels whirlin'
                Loud, loud, this day.

Yet sin' my pen's amang the ink,
  Tho' I've been short time here,
I e'en maun tell you what I think
  O' a' this noise an' steer;
I scarcely could believe my een,
  The first time that I saw
A street, a mile o' length, I ween,
  Wi' houses in a raw,
                Sae straight this day.
Tho' ane wad search the warld roun',
  He wad be sadly plaguet
To find in it anither town,
  Sae neat sae trigly bigget.
So, like sagacious *Sheba's* Queen
  Wi' *Solomon* o' auld,
No the *ae half* o' what I've seen,
  Had e'er to me been tauld
                On onie day.

The streets are clad, frae side to side,
  Wi' a' kin kind o' people;
Some houses here wad mak' you fley'd,
  They're high as our kirk steeple.
Here books o' poetry an' rhymes,
  Are placed against the windows,
An' *rubs* an' *touches* at the times,
  Whase beauty's like to blind us
                Wi' glare this day.
What Scotsman's bosom does na' swell
  Big wi' an honest pride,
To see auld Reekie bear the bell
  Frae ilka town beside?
Stop here—amidst a scene sae gay,
  And in a thoughtful mood
The venerable pile survey,
  Of stately *Holyrood*,
                A while this day.

O'er ruin'd grandeur's sad remains
  Here let the Muse deplore,
While solitude and silence reigns,
  Whar kings hae reign'd before!
Warm glows my blood within my veins,
  To think on days o' yore;
Here dwelt those chiefs, wha on our plains,
  The tide o' battle bore,
                For mony a day!
High frowning from yon rugged rock,
  Deep mark'd thro' length o' years,
Half hid amid the city's smoke,
  The *Castle* bauld appears;
In per'lous times, whan war's rude shock
  Rung in the nation's ears,
Auld *Scotia's* sons did thither flock,
  An' shook their dusky spears,
                In wrath that day!

To tell its public places a',
  The haunts o' arts an' knowledge,
Wad tak' frae me a month or twa,
  Tho' I'd been at its *College*;
Waesucks! that learning's fav'rite seat
  Shou'd ever want a riggin,
That Art should owre her pillars greet,
  Or Knowledge gang a beggin',
                On onie day!
I've sent a book—you may look on't—
  Wrote by ane J—— T——mson;
Wi's bushy head stuck i' the front,
  He's but the Muses' lame son;
There's ay something in life a cross,
  An' wi' a sma' discernin',
Ye'll here observe an unco loss,
  An' that's the *want o' learnin'*
                In him this day.

I ken, had I been smoothed an' filed,
Brushed up in learnin's chammer;
Sae hard for words I needna' toiled,
Nor made sae aft a stammer;
For tho' a genius shou'd be fine,
An' fitted to enlighten,
He'll never cast sae great a shine,
Unless that learnin' brighten
Him up some day.

Now if you find the Muse jocose,
Pray answer this by Post, man;
If not—why then e'en mak' it prose,
I winna grudge the cost, man:
Yet sweet is the poetic strain,
To ilka rhymin' brither;
If time permits, I'll try't again,
An' scribble you anither,
Some future day.

Edinburgh, July 26th, 1801.

T—— S——TH'S

ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, tho' rhyme shou'd fail
To tell out sic a mournfu' tale;
O, lucky B——k! come weep an' wail,
You hae great need;
For he, wha aften prie'd your ale—
T—m S——th, is dead!

Let ilka auld wife o' the town,
For him put on her mournin' gown,
While fast the tear comes rappin' down
Big as a bead;
"He's gane! he's gane!" cries ilka lown,
T—m S——th is dead!

Ye bonnie lassies! leave your sportin',
An' look demur as ye war' dortin',
For wha like him cou'd spae your fortin,
Whan ance weel fee'd;
He gae you either lang or short ane;
But now he's dead!
Ilk cobler now may hing his head,
An' cleed himsel in sable weed;
A' you that weel can birse a thread!
Come gie a rair,
The king o' a your core is dead,
He'll *mend* nae mair!
Ye gangrel bodies beggin' meal!
For him come gie an unco squeel,
Upo' your shoon he ca'd a heel
In time o' need;
But Death, wi' heart as hard as steel,
Has dung him dead.

Foul fa' that grousum chiel ca'd Death!
Wha staps the best o' fallows' breath;
Whare'er he gangs, there nought but skaith
Does march afore him;
To kill a thousan,' he's nae laith,—
A plague come o'er him!
Whan T—m put on his bra-tied wig,
His fine black coat, his breeks sae trig,
An' cocket hat—he looked fu' big,
Nor ane did dread;
He was the saul o' mony a rig;
But now he's dead!
O' a' thing he made merchandise,
An' strove his customers to please;
He dealt in butter, eggs, an' cheese,
"A' thing but bread;"
Poor bodies never did he squeeze,
But now he's dead.

He likewise bought up hens an' cocks,
An' sell't them to the gentle fo'ks;
He pleased them weel wi' words an' jokes,
Frae his lang head;
He was as cunnin' as a fox;
But now he's dead!

Fu' aft he gaed to *Cellardyke*,
To get a caller scate to pike;
To *trust* them ought he made a fyke,
Thought it absurd;—
"I'll tak'," quo' he "whate'er you like,
Except your word!"
In winter whan the times were bad,
Nor wark nor money to be had,
(An' thrifty fo'k e'en douff an' sad)
Baith were sae scanty;
"The L—d be thanked," ay he said,
"I wantna' plenty."

An' then, as to his fortin tellin',
Nae spae-wife e'er cou'd be mair willin';
He'd tak' a penny or a shillin',
As you inclin'd;
But he ne'er liket to be sellin'
His *weird* for wind.
He made the lasses ay fu' fain,
And pleased them a' wi' hopes o' men;
"A sailor kissed you last, I ken—
"As sure's I'm here,
"He quickly will be back again,
"Wi' heaps o' gear!"
"An' I will tell you something better,
"You'll shortly hae to cross a water;
"But, ere that, you'll receive a letter,
"Gif no miscarried;"—
He gart them trow, by this his clatter,
They'd soon be married!

Unto a wife he ne'er was linket;
The bonnie lasses ay he jinket;
He kiss'd them too—at least some think it,
But what remead,—
His gear he rather chose to drink it,
And now he's dead.

O' stories he had routh an' wale,
A lang dark night he'd gar you smile;
To hear his tales—cam' mony a mile
Baith auld an' young;
Nane feared begunk, nor yet beguile,
Frae his glib tongue.

He sang wi' glee, "*Come fee him, father*;"
An' baith the parts o' "*Maggy Lauder*,"
An' tauld how that she cam' frae Ca'der,
But *Robin's* reed
Gart Maggy dance tho' no ane bade her—
But now he's dead!

Brave stalwart WALLACE aft he actet,
An' o' his deeds baith sung an' cracket;
How Southern lowns in twa he hacket
As slic'd he butter;
How ten he slew, an' five he thwacket
Down in a gutter!
Some spitefu' chiels, by way o' banter,
Gae him the name o' the *Gallanter*;—
But when placed by a fu' decanter
Wi' reamin' head,
He was a perfect *Tam o' Shanter* *—
But now he's dead.
Whan he was young he aft gaed streachin',
Sax, aught, or ten miles to a preachin';
But time his locks had lang been bleachin',

* *Tam* loe'd him like a vera brither;
They had been *fou for weeks* thegither. BURNS.

Which stapp'd his speed;
A kirk, at last, he scarce cou'd reach ane,
But now he's dead!
By yon auld aisle, in hallow'd ground,
His lonely grave is to be found;
Whar spectres walk their nightly round,
Wi' ghastly dread;
Ye howlets! hoot the mournfu' sound,
T—m S—th is dead!

The foregoing Poem was written in 1802, at which time the subject of it was alive.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies the dust o' poor T—m S—th;
  Few in this life did bless him;
But now, sin' he's gane hame wi' Death,
  Fu' mony a ane will miss him;
For, tho' nae doubt he had his drolls,
  And frailties, as hae you,
He strove to *mend* his neighbours' *soles*;
  And to his *last* was true!

PER CONTRA.

Ye auld wives! whisht your din a wee,
Ye bonnie lasses! dight ilk e'e,
Ye Coblers! wi' your heads a-jee,
  Now cease your grievin';
The fient a dead, na dead is he,—
  T—m S—th is livin'!

LINES,

Addressed to the Author by

CAPTAIN H—— P——

OF

The Royal Marines.

MY pen, Dear *Gray*, I take in hand,
And fain would join the rhyming band;
To learn from them the art sublime
Of making verse, and killing time;
Conduct me, then, I beg you will,
To that famed spot, the Muses hill;
Present me to each charming maid,
On whom all Poets call for aid,
Ere they can spin one happy line
In which the sparks of Genius shine,

Refuse me not,—'tis vain to say,
You're not acquainted with the way;
The road you know and often tread,
Nay, all the paths, that to it lead,
To you familiar now are grown,
As not a Muse will dare disown:
Present me then—and should they smile,—
When next I write 'twill mend my style.

ANSWER,

IMPROMPTU.

Dear P——le, an hour after dinner I got
While sitting at table your excellent note;
But then after dinner, pray who can find time
To answer a Note, if that Note is in rhyme?
But now quite refreshed, having sipped up some
tea,
And from *conglomeration* my ideas free;
I have taen up my pen, and shall scrib-scribble on,
Tho' the Muses methinks! never come off *Toulon*;
For here, L—d preserve us! the weather is such,
'Twould frighten I'm certain a Lancashire witch,
Or strike with amazement a bold Lapland hag,
So rude are the puffings from Boreas's bag;

For we toss and we tumble, and billows so drench
one,
That I oft wish the Devil would take all the
Frenchmen;
Or that some *Jack Ketch* in his mercy would
hang them,
Or, would they *come out*, then, my boy, how we'd
bang them!—
But, now to the point, without more excuses,
I would willingly usher your way to the Muses,
But, tho' I have pester'd some friends with my
rhyme,
I vow, up Parnassus I never could climb;
Tho' low at its foot I've been often a nibbler,
Each Muse would disown me, a poor petty
scribbler:
Can I then presume to lead you up Parnassus,

When I've ne'er caught a glance of the sweet
lovely lasses?
On your *Pegasus* bold, with his saddle of clouds,
You will mount like a Sailor ascending the
shrouds;
On mine too, my lad, up the hill I will follow;
So at once let us both make our court to *Apollo*!

H. M. Ship Unité,
off Toulon.

EPISTLE

TO

A—— L—— J——.

Having previously lent him Ramsay's Poems.

My dainty frien' an' social callan!
How get you on wi' honest *Allan?*
How like you his queer knacky style?
Do his auld phrases gar you smile?
I doubtna' but you'll think them fine,
They'll mind you o' the *days langsyne!*
O leeze me on our early days,
Whan Hope was cheer'd by Fancy's rays!
Whan, blyth as burdies on the brier,
We wander'd there, and dander'd here;
Life's lengthen'd prospect seem'd right fair,
Nor yet was kent that carlin *Care!*

But scarce are we to manhood grown,
When a' the fairy prospect's flown;
Instead o' Fancy's rays, we see
The thick mists o' Reality;
And find, lang ere our day grows late,
That Hope was but an arrant cheat;
While girnin' Care, wi' wrinklet brow,
Does a' our footsteps quick pursue!
Yet sure it is a pleasing trance,
To cast a retrospective glance,
And fond recal our early days,
Endeared to us a thousand ways;
The burns, the braes, whar aft we'd roam
Till night and hunger forced us home,
Imagination loves the theme;
We prize the dear delusive dream;
Unconscious that it cannot last;
While Mem'ry pond'ring on the past,

Still draws it out in long review,
And, pleased, we think the picture true,
We wake—'tis gone, without a trace!
And Disappointment takes its place;
While sage Experience whispers low,
"Man ne'er was truly blest below!"
But hey! whar hae I got to now—
My friend, I've maist forgotten you,
Forgot to thank you for your letter,
Tho' lang I winna be your debtor;
But, whan auld *Scotia* comes across me,
Ye maun expect at times to lose me;
For howe'er bleak her mountains blue,
My heart to her is warm an' true;
In spite o' *Sammy Johnson's* e'e,
Wha cou'dna see a single tree,
Of size for pin to hing a hat on,
Or strength to hang an auld grey cat on,

Tho' he *perambulated* o'er
Mair space than e'er he did before;
Yet, had he looket sharp around,
Enow o' trees he might hae found,
To hang a' rogues on English ground!
  Were Scotland void o' shrub an' tree,
Still wad it hae some charms for me;
For never lightlied be the ground
Whar Hospitality is found.—
There Industry is blest wi' health,
Which mak's amends for want o' wealth;
There Friendship binds her strongest ties,
Love talks a language wi' the eyes;
There bonnie lasses, bloomin' fair,
Wyle the fond heart frae warldly care!
  Love for their country, all men shew it,
The Statesman, Warrior, and Poet;
But you and I, removed afar,
Maun bide the bick'rin brunt o' War;

An' some may think the *Gulf o' Venice*,
An' ither thoughts, frae hame may wean us;
They're sair mista'en,—nae foreign part,
Like Hame, can interest the heart;
Hame mak's the breast wi' rapture swell;
There Peace, Content, and Pleasure dwell!
As Is'ral's sons by Babel sat,
An' sighed—but *Sion* ne'er forgat;
Till Mem'ry quite the brain forsakes,
We'll ne'er forget the *land o' Cakes!*

In verse the fourth, o' your bright turns,
Wha is't ye class wi' *Robin Burns?*
(Lamented *Burns!* what iron e'e
Can yet refuse the tear for thee?
Lamented *Burns!* what heart o' stane
Can yet refuse the pitying mane?)
For me, sae high ye manna praise me,
Or, I will think ye mean to *quiz* me;

You might as weel, in merry vein,
Compar'd an eagle wi' a wren;
I never yet had the presumption,
To think that I had half his gumption;
In Poetry he was a Master,
While I am but a Poetaster;
It's true, at times, whan things gae wrang,
I put them right wi' rhyme or sang;
A sang can soothe the grief-worn heart,
For Music is a heav'nly art;
Just croon a simple line or twa,
O' "owre the hills an' far awa',"
What dear ideas crowd the mind,
Of objects lov'd, tho' left behind!
But *Burns!* to Genius ever dear,
Charmed ilka heart, pleased ilka ear;
Since he's awa', ne'er to return
We feel, that "*Man was made to mourn!*"

To-morrow, if you'll come an' dine,
I promise you a pint o' wine ;
An' what a' Scotchmen think a treat,
A *singet* sheep's-head wi' the feet,
Which vera guid to fill the bag is,
Tho' scarcely equal to a haggis.
Then come—an' whate'er be the cheer
Ye'se get a hearty welcome here,
But whither ye do come, or stay,
I'm yours fu' truly,

CHARLES GRAY.

H. M. Ship Unité, Adriatic,
April 6th, 1807.

EPITAPH

For the Author's Mother.

Ye young and gay who tread this ground
  Blush not to shed the conscious tear,
Perhaps ere long the turf-clad mound,
  May cover one your soul holds dear.
Sweet is the trump of airy Fame
  To the young Warrior's ravish'd ear;
But sweeter far a *Mother's name*
  To him who holds affection dear.
For know—a Mother lies below
  Who once was loved, with love sincere,
Tho' Death long since has struck the blow,
  Sweet is affection's silent tear.
Time may deface the Sculptor's art,
  And Sorrow cease to drop the tear;
But while Affection warms the heart,
  Still will a Mother's name be dear!

SONNET,

On hearing the clock strike twelve, on the 31st December, 1802.

HARK! 'tis the village bell, whose solemn sound
  Proclaims in long and melancholy tone,
That *Time* again has run his annual round,
  And that another year's expir'd, and gone!
Time! thou defacer of the Sculptured stone,
  Thou leveller of all things here below,
The clay-built cottage, and the princely throne,
  Without distinction are by thee laid low!
Without a pause thou run'st thy swift career,
  Unthinking man does not perceive 'tis so,
He hopes another, and another year,
  Till Death unlooked for, strikes the fatal blow!
But thou at length shalt waste this earthly ball,
  And one wide conflagration ruin all!

SONNET.

No more I sing of Beauty's witching charms,
Vain idle dreams, and hopes of future joy,
Since Beauty's self has fled my longing arms,
Far other subjects shall my pen employ!
Fondly we linger about those we love,
And whom we love we easily believe:
But what dire pangs must all our feelings move,
When the false fair one smiles but to deceive!
In vain for me the vernal roses blow,
In vain for me the violets breathe perfume;
The fragrant breezes no delight bestow;
All Nature seems enveloped in the gloom
Of my sad soul;—oppressed with care and woe,
My joyless hopes must centre in the tomb!

VERSES
ON
THE BIRTH DAY
OF
A YOUNG LADY.

AURORA's smiles the hills adorn,
That day the infant *Jane* was born;
A sweeter rose ne'er graced the thorn,
Upon an early morning.

And like the rose-bud wet with dew,
She seemed a lovely plant to view;
While fair and tall this flow'ret grew,
The beauty of the morning!

Now full in native beauty blows,
Unrivalled in our plains, this rose;
O! spare it ev'ry wind that blows,
Spare it ye blasts of morning!

In Autumn when the flow'rets die,
And all their leaves wide-scatter'd lie,
Then may its fragrance reach the sky,
That oft perfumed the morning!

EPISTLE TO R. I. MARKINCH.

YOUR letter, Sir, cam' safe to hand.
  Last night by nine o'clock;
When round the fire a chosen band,
  Crack'd mony a noisy joke;
I read it owre—sic was its power,
  Fu' soon it stop'd their reelin';
I weel cou'd trace, in ev'ry face,
  It touch'd ilk tender feelin'.

The "Vision o' the hearts o' men
  "Laid open to your view,"
Nae little did my bosom pain,
  I'm wae to think it true!
The Savage race, wha hunt an' chase,
  The deer upo' the hill,
Are aften times mair free frae crimes
  Than we o' better skill.

Enthusiasm, wi' frantic face,
  By fause Religion fired,
The ways o' God still tries to trace,
  And thinks hersel' inspired!
While ither some ne'er fash their thum',
  Are pleas'd wi' *form* an' *shew*,
The better part (I mean the heart,)
  It never gies a throe!

Anither set affect t' adore
  The God o' Love an' Peace,
Yet frae their ha', they spurn the poor
  As o' anither race.
Wi' routh o' store their cup rins o'er,
  As down they sit wi' glee,
Their God they serve, the poor may starve
  Ere they a crum' will gie.

Some mortals, ever wrapped in gloom
  An' ghastly Superstition,
Ne'er view sweet Nature's vernal bloom,
  But in a sour condition!
God in his ire, in hail an' fire,
  They worship and adore;
In drearest forms, with clouds an' storms,
  They clothe th' Almighty power!

As heav'n's the prize to be obtained,
  Sure a' shou'd set about it:
Already *they* the goal hae gained,
  An' wha will dare to doubt it?
Sure as they are, they yet may miss't,
  Maugre their pray'rs an' graces;
Their love to God does a' consist
  In gloomy lengthen'd faces!

Let Spring put off her robe of green,
  Let Summer disappear;
Let bounteous Autumn quit the scene,
  An' Winter rule the year;
Let thunder grumble lang an' loud,
  To make weak mortals stare;
And Darkness with her sable shroud,
  Reign round forever mair!

The lang fac'd tribe,—a scene sae dire,
  Nae doubt, wad please their eyes;—
But let us ask—does God require
  A gloomy sacrifice?
Can he, who ever dwells in light,
  Whom darkness never shrouds,
Can such a being e'er delight
  To hang our brows with clouds?

To give a charge so false the lie
  Requires no angel's voice;
Ten thousand singing birds that fly
  Bid Human kind rejoice!
The cheerful face, the heart sincere,
  The smiling clean abode,—
Whate'er exalts our nature here
  Must pleasing be to God.

Tho' short an' fleeting be the date
  Assigned to Man below;
He fain would lay his crimes on Fate,
  As cause of all his woe:
But let him scan the matchless plan,
  Which God alone hath given;
Let truth preside, and reason guide
  His erring steps to heaven.

Grim Bigotry may grane an' stare,
Wi' self religion crammed;
Thinkin' that he shall win up there,
An' a' the rest be d——ned!
Well may we sigh!—His Charity
Nae farther is extended
Than to his *sect*, (nae doubt th' *elect*,)
Whase brows are ne'er unbended!

Mark how they deal damnation round,
And straiten heaven's road;
Presumptuous mortals! thus to bound
The mercy of their God!
But *Robin*, lad, let you an' I
Act far a wiser part;
Nor let us judge, since God on high
Can only know the heart!

Anstruther, April 1st, 1802.

SONNET.

Adieu to Love.

Ah! why unconscious do I heave the sigh?
Why does my mind start back as struck with dread;
Why falls the big tear from my red-swoln eye,
As if I mourned for the departed dead?
Cease! cease, my tears,—be still my troubled mind,
For love shall never more disturb my rest;
Nor longer shall I sigh, "unkind! unkind!"
I'll banish the loved object from my breast;
Love, there no more shall hold his cruel reign;
His frenzy shall no more distract my brain;
I'll tear the subtile tyrant from my heart;
I'll bid the false and fickle sex adieu!
Nor e'er believe that one of them is true,—
So Cupid I defy thy keenest dart!

SONNET.

The Recantation.

BLITHE as the birds that haunt the scented grove,
No more I sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Again thy chains most willingly I wear,
And welcome thy delirium, O Love!
My Julia, lovely maid, once more does prove
Kind as the vernal breeze in spring, that blows
With balmy breath around the blushing rose,
And faithful to me as the turtle dove,
No *false reports* my constant heart shall move:
Firm as the oak upon the mountain's brow,
I'll scorn each base attempt upon me now,
Of all that would my constancy remove;
In vain they shall the seeds of Discord sow,
For from my Julia never more I'll rove!

SONNET.

Addressed to a Lady.

THUS ever may my faithful bosom beat,
While love's the guardian of each tender
thought!
The unity of souls is dearly sweet,
When Friendship ties th' indissoluble knot;
O! if thy bosom ever heaved a sigh,
If that fond sigh was only breathed for me,
The powers can witness from their thrones on
high,
If e'er my bosom throb'd,—it throb'd for thee!
Then on thy love and friendship I rely,
To cheer my life, and soothe my latest breath,
When love with friendship's join'd,—how strong
the tie!
Nought can disolve it but the hand of Death,
In Death's drear vale each trav'ller walks alone,
No friend can cheer us thro' the dark unknown!

TO A LADY

With a Venetian Gold Chain

Could I a cunning workman find
With Links like these thy heart to bind?
It never more should wander free,
But live a willing slave to me!
Ah! no—for cast in honour's mould,
Thy heart disdains a chain of Gold;
Resolved no tyrant's power to prove,
But live a slave alone to Love!
These links tho' wrought with nicest art,
Can ne'er enchain a roving heart;
Love's magic chain, so light and fine,
Alone must make the wand'rer mine!
Strong are the links of Love, I ween,
Although his fetters are unseen;
Then Cupid act a friendly part,
And wind *thy* Chain round *Delia's* heart!

EPITAPH

On a Blacksmith.

BENEATH this stone, consigned to rot,
  Lies a true son of *Vulcan*,
Who had a live coal in his throat,
  That made him love a full cann.

Yet all the liquid that he drank,
  Did never it extinguish:
Indeed, 'tis said, he owned it frank,
  He ne'er did such a thing wish.

Full well he loved a drinking bout,
  Whoever did the cann fill;
But now his fire has quite gone out,
  And clay-cold is his anvil!

For one day as he cracked a joke,
Amid some jovial fellows,
Death, at a blow, entirely broke
The wind-pipe of his bellows!

His hammer now neglected lies;
His iron he'll ne'er thump it,
For never more will *Burnwind* rise,
Till he hear the last trumpet!

SONGS.

SONG.

On the Battle of Trafalgar.

Let Fame sound her trumpet, let loud cannons
roar;
And Echo repeat to each land and each shore,
How the vaunting Armada of Gallia and Spain
By true British valour is conquered again!

Great Nelson so jealous of Old England's right,
Glowed with zeal for the war as their fleet hove
in sight;
Then quick flew the signal to ev'ry man's view,
"Old England expects that your Duty you'll do!"

The Action commences—but who can pourtray
The deeds that were done by brave Britons that
day?

Where each man was a hero whose bosom beat
high,
Resolved for his Country to conquer or die!

Fierce rages the Battle—Death flies on each ball,
And England's great Hero is destin'd to fall!
But Victory crowns him as she rides o'er the
waves,
And proclaims that true Britons shall never be
slaves!

Ye sons of the ocean his mem'ry revere
For to you was the guardian of Liberty dear;
Now the Genius of Britain weeps over his grave,
And exclaims,—" *Here is buried the Good and*
the Brave!"

SONG.

The bloom o' youth's on Nancy's cheek,
  An' love sparks saftly in her e'e;
Her auburn looks sae smooth an' sleek,
  I own, hae quite enchanted me;
Her cottage stands on yonder hill,
  My way lies thro' yon lonesome grove;
But, tho' the night's baith dark an' chill,
  I will gae see the lass I love!

For what is wind or what is weet,
  Or a' the terrors o' the night,
Or what is snaw, or what is sleet,
  When gaun to meet my heart's delight?
Nor snaw, nor sleet shall frighten me,
  I'll tak' my plaid an' out I'll rove,
I'll pass the grove, an hill sae hie,
  And syne I'll see the lass I love!

Her een are like twa blobs o' dew,
  That sparkle on the flow'ry thorn;
Her breast is o' the lily's hue,
  Her face is fairer than the morn;
But a' her charms an' native grace
  Had never power my heart to move,
Gif virtue too had not a place,
  In the sweet bonnie lass I love!

Ae kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou,
  A kind look frae her sparklin' e'e,
A squeeze o' her fair hand, I trow,
  Far, far owre-pays a' toil to me!
I envy not the rich or great,
  Sae lang as she does constant prove;
For what is a' the pomp o' state,
  Compared wi' the sweet lass I love?

SONG.

TUNE,—" *Whistle owre the lave o't.*"

WILL SHAKESPEARE, in his witty page,
Compares this wide world to a stage,
An' we as actors a' engage,
To—whistle owre the lave o't!

CHORUS.

In human life, I plainly see,
A' wear the mask in some degree;
This ane will cheat, that ither lie,—
A' whistle owre the lave o't!

The Parson in the kirk will preach,
And what is fair an' honest teach;
But, ance he's gi'en a wee bit sketch,
He'll whistle owre the lave o't!
In human life, &c.

The Merchant, wi' his high shop rent,
Will fairly charge you cent. per cent.
An' in your lug some lie will sklent,
Syne whistle owre the lave o't;
In human life, &c.

The Landlord, wi' his beer sae sma',
Instead o' ane will score you twa;
O h–ll he has nae fear ava,
But whistles owre the lave o't!
In human life, &c.

The Soldier, tho' he drills a' day,
An' right an' left does face away;
At night, he's happy wi' his pay,
An' whistles owre the lave o't.
In human life, &c.

The lazy Beggar, clad in rags,
Can scarcely budge below his bags;
But at a Gill he never lags,
To whistle owre the lave o't!

In human life, &c.

The Poet flatters wi' his rhyme,
Some Lord to fill his pouch an' wyme;
For, deil a bit, he mony a time
Can whistle owre the lave o't!

In human life, I plainly see,
A' wear the mask in some degree;
This ane will cheat, that ither lie,
A' whistle owre the lave o't!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *Humours of Glen.*"

'TWAS ae day in Autumn, an' just i' the gloamin',
As wand'rin' adown by the burnie sae clear,
O wha do ye think I shou'd meet in my roamin,'
But Nancy, sweet Nancy, my ain only dear!
The leaves o' the trees war' thick fa'in' around us,
An' a' thing look'd dowie but Nancy's fair face,
An' blushin' she looked as the new ris'n moon does,
Whan first she peeps out o' the watery space!

I gaz'd on her charms sae sweet an' invitin',
An' cried, a' ye powers wha' govern above!
Sure woman was made for man to delight in;
An' cauld is that breast ne'er enliven'd by love!

For what can compare wi' the thrillin' emotion,
The saft perturbation that swells i' the breast,
The sigh that is breath'd wi' the utmost devotion,
And the soul wi' delight an' wi' rapture opprest?

Whan Nature's asleep, an' the loud winds are roarin'
Owre mountain an' dale, thro' valley an' tree,
The charms o' my Nancy I still am adorin',
For they are as Spring or as Summer to me!
O fresh on her cheek are the new blawin roses,
Love flings his fond blinks frae the tail o' her e'e;
And deep in her bosom, there peace ay reposes,
Wha'd banish it thence? O it ne'er shall be me!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *The Cottage on the moor.*"

WHEN balm-breathing flow'rs fill with odour the air,
While frolics the Spring on the banks of each rill,
If Nature delight you—then quickly repair
To yon neat little Cottage that stands on the hill!

How fair is the view—how it gladdens the heart!
The birds sing so sweet, each rude passion lies still;
I gaze on the scene, and am loath to depart
From the neat little Cottage that stands on
the hill.

Here love may find haunts, and true friendship
a seat,
And all their fond thoughts to each other reveal;

O grant me, ye pow'rs! such a happy retreat,
Apart from the world and its peace-slaying ill!

Here Health and blithe Industry find their em-
ploy,
The one keeps the Cottage, the other the Mill;
Hospitality greets you with aspect of joy,
Whene'er you arrive at the top of the hill.

SONG.

TUNE,—"*Omnia vincit amor.*"

FOREVER blessed be the day
  And doubly blest the mornin',
That lovely Nancy came this way,
  Nor met my love wi' scornin';
What dear ideas, hopes, an' fears,
  Rush'd in upo' my fancy!
I saw, and at the first sight lov'd
  The meltin' form o' Nancy!

Fair as the mornin's orient beams
  Whan ilka bird is chantin';
Gay, as the lambs upo' the knowes,
  Sae harmless, an' sae wanton;

For heav'nly make, an' angel air,
  Her like I never can see;
Ae smile frae her sooth'd a' my care;
  Sae charmin' was my Nancy!

But oh! she's laid in the lone house,
  From whence there's nae returnin';
An', deaf to love, and deaf to joy,
  Hears not her lover mournin'!
For gowans grow whar lowly lies
  The object o' my fancy;
But nought can raze frae my sad soul,
  Th' idea of my Nancy!

SONG.

AIR,—" *Gramachree.*"

OH! ask me not why thus I mourn,
  Why hang the pensive head;
Can joys departed e'er return,
  Can roses bloom when dead?
O there was one—her name still dear
  Lives in my bosom's core;
But fruitless is the falling tear—
  I ne'er shall see her more!

With her I've pull'd the sweetest flower,
  That grac'd the early Spring;
With her I've spent the lover's hour,
  That quick was on the wing:

Spring's early flowers no pleasures yield—
  The moments linger slow ;—
The sweetest flower in Nature's field
  Now lies, alas! full low!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*"

OF a' the lasses e'er I saw
In silk or satin drest;
Nane o' them can compare ava,
Wi' her that I lo'e best;
Her air an' mien bespeak a queen,
She's comely in her dress;
An' what is mair, she's guid as fair,
Which mak's me lo'e my Jess.

Aft times at e'en, we meet unseen,
Aneath the hawthorn bush;
An' when my love, for her I'd prove,
She answers wi' a blush;

How great my bless, to steal a kiss,
  And fondly to caress
A nymph sae rare, sae guid sae fair,
  Sae charmin' as my Jess!

Ye powers wha gie ilk ane his share,
  Tho' thankless man repine,
Grant me but this, I ask nae mair,
  Just mak' dear Jessie mine!
The joys of love I hope to prove,
  An' ilka earthly bless,
When I am joined, in hand and mind,
  Wi' my dear lovely Jess!

But gif that she prove fause to me,
  An' slight my simple vow,
Tho' sure I think it canna be,
  Wha's proved to her sae true;

My bosom's grief will seek relief,
Frae sic a sad distress,
In some lone cot, to be forgot
But still I'll bless my Jess!

SONG.

Jean Anderson my Joe.

OR,

AN ANSWER

TO

"John Anderson my Joe," improved by BURNS.

COME, say nae mair to me, Jean,
I'll do as you desire;
Yet still I like to sit at e'en,
In winter by the fire:
What mak's me rise sae soon, Jean,
You surely ought to know;
"Auld use an' wont," we ne'er forget,
Jean Anderson, my joe!

Whan Nature first began, Jean,
To try her canny hand,
It's true she first made *Man*, Jean,
An' ga'e him great command;
But naething wad content him, Jean,
Tho' king o' a' below,
Till Heaven in pity sent him, Jean,
What maist he wished,—a joe!

Tho' some may say I'm auld, Jean,
An' say the same o' thee,
Ne'er fret to hear it tauld, Jean,
You still look young to me:
An' weel I mind the day, Jean,
Your breast was white as snow,
An' waist sae jimp, ane might it span,—
Jean Anderson, my joe!

Our bonnie bairns' bairns, Jean,
  Wi' rapture do I see,
Come toddlin' to the fire-side,
  Or sit upon my knee.
If there is pleasure here, Jean,
  Or happiness below,
This surely maun be likest it,
  Jean Anderson, my joe!

Tho' age has sillar'd owre my pow,
  Sin' we were first acquaint,
An' changed my glossy raven locks;
  It's left us still content;
An' eild ne'er comes alane, Jean,
  But aft brings mony a woe,
Yet we've nae cause for sic complaint,
  Jean Anderson, my joe!

In innocence we've spent our days,
An' pleasant looks the past;
Nae anxious thoughts alarm us,
We're cheerfu' to the last:
Till Death knock at our door, Jean,
An' warn us baith to go,
Contented we will live an' love,
Jean Anderson, my joe!

It's now a lang, lang time, Jean,
Sin' you an' I begun,
To sprachel up life's hill, Jean;
Our race is nearly run;
We baith hae done our best, Jean,
Our sun is wearin' low;
Sae let us quietly sink to rest,
Jean Anderson, my joe!

SONG.

TUNE,—"*Jenny's Babee.*"

O! JENNY's form is quite divine;
Her een like polished diamonds shine,
While grace and modesty combine,
To charm my heart an' e'e;

The lily an' the rose entwine
Upon her cheek, to paint it fine,
An' love, I trust, will make her mine,
By a' the powers on hie!

Of her esteem I am possessed,
An' she by me is sae caressed,
That trifles never can molest
Our sweet tranquillity:

Whan a' the lave hae gane to rest,
An' I recline on Jenny's breast,
I cry, Was e'er a lad sae blest,
Or ha'f sae happy's me?

Let kings contend about a crown,
An' paughty statesmen seek renown;
Let gentry lie on beds o' down;
Sic things are far frae me;

If Jenny dear were once my own,
Then let blind Fortune smile or frown,
Of a' the lads of this our town,
The happiest will I be.

Tho' far frae hame, I aften rove;
My thoughts still haunt her in the grove;
Tho' absent,—faithfu' as a dove,
An' she's the same to me;

At last, whan I am called above,
To taste the purest joys o' love,
Ev'n there we'll meet, an' ne'er remove,—
True love can never die!

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

TO

MAGGY LAUDER.

THE cantie Spring scarce reared her head,
  An' Winter yet did blaud her,
Whan the Ranter cam' to Anster fair,
  An' spiered for Maggy Lauder;
A snug wee house in the East Green,
  Its shelter kindly lent her,
Wi' cantie ingle, clean hearth stane,
  Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
  An' to the kirk they ranted;
He played the auld "East Nook o' Fife;"
  An' merry Maggy vaunted,

That *Hab* himsel' ne'er played a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring;
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk an' loud reports,
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true an' carefu' wife,
As ever was in Anster;
An' since the marriage knot was ty'd,
Rob swears he cou'dna want her
For he loves Maggy as his life,
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter

SONG.

TUNE,—"*Larga's Vale.*"

FAREWELL! ye scenes to me sae dear,
Whar aft I strayed in early youth,
Ere yet this breast knew ought o' care,
Whan a' was innocence an' truth;
As distance dims you frae my gaze,
I take a lang, a last adieu;
An' think on a' my artless ways,
Whan life, an' love, an' hope, were new!

I sigh to leave ilk fav'rite scene,
Endeared to me by mony a tie;
The bonnie burn an' washin' green,
Whar aft I frolic'd whan a boy!
But, oh! wi' *Jessie* thus to part,
Whan ties sae strong our bosoms bind,
Ties—love has twined around ilk heart—
The thought distracts my anxious mind!

Aft on yon burnie's braes I've strayed,
  Whar saugh-wands wave beside the stream·
An' there aft met my dearest maid,
  An' spent the hour in love's fond dream!
There, as the sun declined, we lay,
  An' curious watched th' unwary fly,
An' aft the trout wad seize its prey,
  An' aft the tear bedewed her eye.

Now, far to foreign climes I go,
  An' leave the burn an' washin' green;
Nae mair to meet whar hawthorns blow,
  Tho' fancy lang will haunt the scene;
An' aft will picture *Jessie* there,
  A-wandering by the burnie's side,
An' hear the sigh that's lost in air,
  An' see the tear that swells the tide!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *The last time I came o'er the moor.*"

THERE lives by yon auld time-worn tower,
  An artless bonnie lassie,
As ever graced a shepherd's bower,
  Or tripped alang the causey;
Her pauky een are heav'nly blue,
  How lily-white her bosom!
Her cherry lips, o' coral hue,
  Are sweet's the openin' blosom.

Just look into her bonnie face,
  Examine ilka feature,
It tak's nae art, I trow, to trace
  The picture o' guid nature.

Sure Nelly's shape, an' lovely een
  A thousand faults might cover;
An' tho' she courts na' to be seen,
  Ilk honest heart maun love her.

Have you e'er marked the primrose sweet,
  When first it decks the valley,
Bend down its head wi' dewy weet?—
  That rose resembles Nelly!
For sorrow's notes ne'er reach her ear,
  Frae Cottage or frae City,
But soon they bring the gen'rous tear,
  The heav'nly drops o' pity.

O Love! inspire some gen'rous youth
  Wi' passion true an' tender,
Whase spotless soul is steel'd wi' truth,
  Frae life's ills to defend her;

For envy vile, an' malice keen,
Still haunt ilk virtuous action;
The good we do in life's short scene
Is followed by detraction!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*"

YE ling'ring hours flee by in haste!
  For I can taste o' joy nae mair;
Ilk weary moment now I waste,
  Ilk day I close in dark despair;
Ah; why did I believe her tongue,
  An' the fause flatt'rin' smiles she gave;
But wha cou'd think that ane sae young
  Wad talk, an' smile—but to deceive!

What tho' I waste ilk hour in care;
  An' slighted love be ill to dree?
May some fond youth prove true to her,
  Tho' she has proved sae fause to me!

Since she is gane, a' Nature's bloom
  Alas! can yield me nae delight;
Then welcome dreary Winter's gloom,
  And welcome woe-concealing night!

Fareweel! Fareweel! ye wavin' woods,
  Ye shady bow'rs, an' flow'ry groves,
Ye wand'rin' burns, an' dashin' floods,
  Ye scenes made sacred by our loves!
Ye mountain clouds, hung fu' o' snaw,
  Pour down in haste your flaky store;
Ye winds frae a' your caverns blaw,—
  For me can simmer charm no more!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *Green grows the rashes.*"

CHORUS.

Fairfa' the lasses, O!

Fairfa' the lasses, O!

And dool and care still be his share,

Wha doesna' lo'e the lasses, O!

Pale Poverty an' girnin' Care,

How lang will ye harass us, O?

Yet light's the load, we ha'e to bear,

If lessened by the lasses, O!

Fairfa', &c.

The rich may sneer as they gae by,

Or scornfully may pass us, O,

Their better lot let's ne'er envy,

But live an' love the lasses, O!

Fairfa', &c.

Why shou'd we ever sigh for wealth?
Sic thoughts shou'd never fash us, O,
A fig for pelf, when blest wi' health,
Content, an' bonnie lasses, O!
Fairfa', &c.

The ancient Bards, to shaw their skill,
Placed Muses on Parnassus, O,
But let them fable as they will,
My Muses are the lasses, O!
Fairfa', &c.

The drunkard cries, the joys o' wine
A' ither mirth surpasses, O,
But he ne'er kent the bless divine,
That I hae wi' the lasses, O!
Fairfa', &c.

When I am wi' the Chosen few,
The time fu' quickly passes, O,
But days are hours, an' less, I trow,
When I am wi' the lasses, O!
Fairfa', &c.

When joys abound, then let a round
Of overflowing glasses, O,
Gae brisk about, an' clean drunk out,
The toast be—"Bonnie lasses," O!

Fairfa' the lasses, O!
Fairfa' the lasses, O!
And dool and care still be his share,
Wha winna toast the lasses, O!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *Captain O'Kean.*"

A' Nature blooms bonnie on muirland an' valley,
The blackbird's shrill note is now heard frae the tree,
The mavis sings sweet as the voice o' my *Nelly*,
But *Nelly's* unkind, tho' nae fause unto me.
Love sits like a god on the throne of her eye,
She looks like an angel just come frae the sky;
But wae to her smilin', whan it's sae beguilin',
Tho' pleasin' to her it makes ithers to sigh!

The sun rises brightly the green hills adorning,
What heart but rejoices his lustre to see?
But, alas! I awake and the beauties of morning
So sad is my heart, are unjoyous to me!

E'en in dreams o' the night I dree a' her scorn;
The frown of a fair one, ah! can it be borne?
My soul shut to gladness is deep sunk in sadness;
All Nature looks gay, yet love makes me to mourn!

SONG.

TUNE,—"*For a' that, an' a' that.*"

A LASSIE fair (the deil-ma-care)
Ance slighted me an' a' that,
But tho' I'm poor, you're vera sure,
I didna like to claw that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
I'm hearty still for a' that,
I gat the *slight*, I took it light,
An' that's the way to thraw that.

Gif they shou'd nick you wi' this trick,
Ne'er break your heart an' a' that,
Just glowr about, you'll find ane out,
Will ease your pain an' a' that,
An' a' that, an' a' that,
Your sighs, an' sabs, an' a' that,
Sae never pine, about a quean,
There's plenty yet for a' that!

He is a fool, wha mak's't a rule,
Ne'er for to wed an' a' that;
Whan ance a lass, to him proves fause,
But tak's to bed an' a' that;
An' a' that, an' a' that,
Nae Doctors drugs an' a' that,
Will ever prove a cure for love,
Like kiss again an' a' that!

Gif I can find ane to my mind,
My heart an' hand an' a' that,
To her I'll gie baith frank an' free,
They're my delight for a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
They're dear to me for a' that,
I lo'e them still an' ever will,
Tho' ane did *jilt* an' a' that!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *My only joe and dearie, O.*"

Wi' truest love, I love thee Bell—
But dinna ye be saucy, O,
Or why I love, I winna tell,
My bonnie black-e'ed lassie, O;
It's no thy cheek o' rosy hue,
It's no thy little cherry mou,
It's a' because thy heart's sae true,
My bonnie black-e'ed lassie, O!

It's no the witch-glance o' thy e'e,
Tho' few for that surpass ye, O,
That mak's ye ay sae dear to me,
My bonnie black-e'ed lassie, O!

It's no the whiteness o' thy skin,
  It's no love's dimple on thy chin;—
It's a' thy modest worth within,
  My bonnie black-e'ed lassie, O!

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,
  That a' wish to caress ye, O,
But I adore thy heav'nly mind,
  My bonnie black-e'ed lassie, O!
I've seen thy een, like chrystal clear,
  Shine dimly thro' saft pity's tear,
Which mak's you ever, ever dear
  To me, my black-e'ed lassie, O!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *My Dearie if thou die.*"

CAN love, with all its magic charms,
  Now ease my soul of pain,
Since I must leave thy loving arms
  Ah! ne'er to meet again!
O no! it adds a thousand pangs
  To my too feeling heart;
And ev'ry nerve with anguish twangs,
  At that dread word—Depart!

Since fate decrees that I must go,
  Let not thy heart repine;
Nor sink thy soul too deep in woe,
  Since thou can'st not be mine!

Farewell! nor ever think of me;
  But, tho' I leave this shore,
Still my fond heart shall sigh for thee,
  Till life itself is o'er!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *Ettrick Banks.*"

BALBIRNIE Wood! bloom ever fair,
  Your shrubs an' flowers be ever green;
May Summer lavish beauties there;
  There let me wander late at e'en!
And let me steal a peep unseen
  At *Mary*, as she walks that way,
The bonnie lass sae neat an' clean—
  The bonnie lass I saw yon day!

The setting sun gleamed thro' the wood,
  The pearly dew lay on the green;
Amang the trees the cushat coo'd,
  While love an' pleasure crown'd the scene!

Whan trippin' up a bauk, bedeen,
  Came, blushin' like a morn in May,
As fair a lass as e'er was seen,—
  The bonnie lass I saw yon day!

Few words we spake,—she passed by;
  Her glance that moment won my heart,
An' still at e'en I linger nigh,
  An' late it grows ere I depart;
There *Mary* walks, frae noise apart,
  Sae sweet, sae innocent, an' gay,
The bonnie lass that stole my heart,—
  The bonnie lass I saw yon day!

SONG.*

TUNE,—" *The Mill, Mill, O!*"

SWEET, sweet flows the *Tay*,
In its meand'rin' way,
While dashin' owre linns pours the *Clyde*, O!
But no stream in the North
Is so pleasant as the *Forth*,
Whar aft wi' my lassie I've strayed, O!
In the sweet bushy bowers,
On the loved *Fifan* shores,
I've sat, an' fond-courted the maid, O!
While oft the silver moon
Has gained her silent noon,
Ere we slowly quitted the shade, O!

* Part of the first stanza of this Song was written by an acquaintance.

Ah! how happy my days,
Whan friendship's mild rays,
Were mixed wi' the raptures of love, O!
No thought an' no care,
For life's mornin' rose fair,
And, careless, I ventured to rove, O!
How altered the scene?
Life's cares intervene,
Nae mair thro' these pleasures I range, O!
What gave joy aft before,
Now pleases no more,
And manhood laments the sad change, O!

SONG.

TUNE,—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

GRIM Winter was howlin' owre muir an' owre
mountain,
An' loud blew the win' on the wild stormy sea;
The cauld frost had locked up ilk riv'let an'
fountain,
As I took the road that leads north to Dundee;
Tho' keen blew the snell win', my heart was fu'
cheery,
An' cantie I sung as the bird on the tree;
For, whan the heart's light, the feet winna soon
weary,
Tho' ane shou'd gang farther than bonnie Dundee!

Arrived at the banks o' sweet *Tay's* flowin' river,
I looked, as right rapid it rowed to the sea;
An' fancy, whase fond dream still pleases us ever,
Beguiled the lone passage to bonnie Dundee.
There glowrin' about—I saw in his station,
Ilk bodie as eydent as mid-summer bee;
Whan fair stood, a mark in God's lovely ereation,
Young *Peggy*, the pride o' sweet bonnie Dundee!

O, ay sin' the time I first saw the sweet lassie,
I'm listless, I'm restless wharever I be;
I'm sad, an' I'm silent, an' aft I'm ca'd saucy,
They ken na'—it's a' for the lass o' Dundee!
Lang, lang may her virtue be guarded by honor,
Tho' anither may wed her, yet weel may she be;
An' blessin's in plenty ay shower'd down upon her
Tho' I never mair see the lass o' Dundee!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.*"

LET drunkards sing in praise o' wine,
Their midnight balls an' social glee;
But *Scotia's* sons may fidge fu' fain,
While they hae routh o' barley bree.

CHORUS.

French brandy is but trash, (shame fa't!)
Their foreign rum I downa prie;
Gie me the sterling pith o' maut,
Aboon them a' it bears the gree!

The workman, wha has toil'd a' day,
Sits down at night frae labour free,
See care is fled—his smile how gay,
Wham owre a pint o' barley bree.

French brandy, &c.

Gif onie ane in barlock-hood,
Shou'd wi' his neibour disagree;
Let them baith gang in jovial mood,
An' settle't owre the barley bree.
French brandy, &c.

For barley drink, wad they but think,
Is cheaper than a lawyer's fee;
Tho' sairly vext, ay mind the text,—
"It's best to tak' a pint an' gree."
French brandy, &c.

I've seen a chiel cou'd hardly speak,
Whan ne'er a drap was in his e'e;
But he cou'd lecture for a week,
Just gie him ay the barley bree!
French brandy, &c

Whan I've a baubee in my pouch,
I aften birl it frank an' free;
Then care can never mak' me crouch:—
The life o' man is barley bree!

French brandy is but trash, (shame fa't!)
Their foreign rum I downa prie;
Gie me the sterling pith o' maut,
Aboon them a' it bears the gree!

SONG.

TUNE,—"*Wandering Willie.*"

WHAT low mournfu' sound comes over the ocean?
'Tis the voice o' my *Nanie* I hear on the wind;
In the saft notes o' sorrow she wails for her *Willie*,
And gently she chides me for ling'ring behind!

O soon would I flee to my faithfulest *Nanie*,
Nor ocean nor mountains shou'd keep me afar;
But low and dejected in damp dreary dungeon,
I'm forc'd to remain a poor prisoner o' War!

The wind fill'd each sail, as we homeward were steering,
But Hope on her anchor lean'd pensive an' sad
She pointed to home, and she pointed to *Nanie*,
Yet my heart aft misgave me,—I cou'dna be glad!

Mild rose the sun on the blue-smiling ocean,—
Joy beam'd in the eye of each generous tar,
As *Albion* emerg'd like a cloud frae the welkin',
We dreamt not o' danger, nor thought about war:

But danger oft lurks on the dark-rolling billow,
The winds oft prove faithless, and barks are but
frail,
But far more deceitful, more cruel than either,
Man hears all unmov'd the poor prisoners wail!

The land fast approach'd—I cou'd see the white
cottage,
Where *Nanie's* fond welcome awaited her tar
But unarm'd and defenceless—the Gaul seiz'd
our vessel,
And led us in triumph—poor prisoners o' War!

O soon would I flee to my faithfulest *Nanie*,
Nor ocean nor mountains shou'd keep me afar;
But low and dejected in damp dreary dungeon,
I'm forc'd to remain a poor prisoner o' War!

SONG.

TUNE,—" *Roslin Castle.*"

SWEET *Dreel!* upon whose gowany braes,
Fair Fifan lasses bleach their claes,
Whar' aft I've stray'd wi' list'ning ear,
The murmur o' thy stream to hear;
Sweet *Dreel!* endear'd from infancy,
By love's fond glance, and friendship's tie,
Endear'd by mair than I'll reveal,
Now I maun leave thee, bonnie *Dreel!*

The primrose paints thy braes in Spring,
The birds amang thy bushes sing;
There E'enin' aft has fand me stray,
With ane sweet as thy banks in May;

But now, alas! I maun awa'
Whar billows roll, an' tempests bla';
Unsung, unheeded then shall steal
To sea thy waters, bonnie *Dreel!*

Yet there the birds will sing as sweet,
As when my dear an' I did meet;
The gowan fair, the primrose pale,
With the same hues shall paint the dale;
The sun shall shine as fair on high,
Tho' distant far an' sad am I:
Scenes o' my youth! a lang fareweel,—
Adieu! for aye, sweet flowery *Dreel!*

ADDITIONAL PIECES

AND

SONGS.

LINES TO A LADY

With a Painted Fan.

FANCY! I bow before thy shrine,
Assist me with some rare design,
Some witty, neat, ingenious plan,
To decorate a Lady's FAN.

Come, then,—but where shall I begin,
For painting's something just like *sin*,
When once you've ta'en a *brush* in hand,
Reason no longer has command;
Away you go, you jump, you fly,
And *daub* each object passing by.

Imprimis, (that's in the first part),
See! what a pretty feathery *dart*.
" A what? a dart! why sure you're stupid,
" Pray what's a *dart* without a *Cupid?*
" Come, draw him with both *bow* and *dart*,
" Ready to pierce some stubborn *heart;*
" A heart is what the ladies prize,
" One that will melt before their eyes."
I doubt not, Madam, what you've said—
They wish hearts *soft* and easy swayed;
But, all unlike your swandown muff,
They're hard unmalleable stuff!
The lightning of an eye I've felt,
But never thought a heart would *melt!*
'Tis true, they sometimes get a scorch,
By coming too near Hymen's torch;
For 'tis the same to honest Hymen,
Whether he *light* a Lord or Pie-man.

When once we come before his altar,
We gain a heaven, or else a halter;
Had *rhyme* with *reason* answered well,
I would have said, a *heaven* or *h-ll !*
  Pardon me, Ma'am, this long digression,
I am no artist by profession;
Since no *design* can then be found,
Let Fancy strew her flowers around.
" Well be it so—nay, that's absurd;
" You talk of *flowers*, and paint a *sword;*
" And ere I give a second glance,
" Draw *Alexander Newsky's lance* *,
" With which he made poor Frenchmen fly,
" And killed five chiefs, beside some fry!
" But what comes next?--an Indian's *quiver!*--
" No doubt you think that vastly clever;
" But as to me—it is so teazing,—
" Come, draw us something *soft* and pleasing.

* The Don Cossack.

Madam, I'll paint as you desire—
There—there—behold the *Poet's lyre;*
An object fitted to recall
The building of the Theban wall;
For Orpheus, when he tried its tone,
Could animate a lifeless stone;
And if he played a jig by chance,
The very trees would featly dance.
But having one day lost his wife,
The man grew weary of his life.
No doubt she had *some* charms about her,
For Orpheus could not live without her.
So having weighed the matter well,
He marched down to the gates of hell:
And there, the *triple-headed* porter
Had soon made *Orph'* a head the shorter,
But knowing Music's powerful sway,
He strung his lyre to clear the way.
So Cerb'rus, when he let him in,
Growled not—but gave a modish grin!

The infernal portals safely past,
He waked its deepest tones at last;
He sweeps the chords—now low—now high,
Hell's hollow caverns made reply,
And ring with heavenly melody!
The soothing notes so softly flow,
That tortured Ghosts forgot their woe!
Grim Pluto melted at the strain,
Gave him his *'Dycé* back again;
And thus, as ancient poets tell,
Music prevailed o'er Death and Hell!
Alas! alas! for modern times,
Cat-gut and wire have feeble chimes;
Our *Scottish Orpheus*—stupid dog!
He could not charm a single H * * G †;
And he may waste a storm of sound,
Ere he regain his thousand pound!

† Alluding to an action for damages lately brought by a Lady against a famous Musician.

" Cease! cease! good Sir, your endless strain,
" You paint—digress—and paint again;
" And by these leaves and sprigs of pansy,
" You've lost the bridle of your fancy;
" Your *outlines*, too, they still grow fainter,
" You're more of Poet than of Painter."

A Poet, Ma'am! you make me blush!
No! no! I'll not resign the *brush*.
What! join those irritable men,
And quit the pencil for the pen?
No:—*soft* you said? behold an *urn*,
O'er which the Loves and Graces mourn;
And little Cupids fluttering by,
With one eye wet, the other dry;
For Love, though clouded for a while,
Will shortly brighten to a smile.
But should you not, Ma'am, reckon those gay,
I'll in this corner place a *nosegay*,

And lest the flowerets I should blot,
I'll tie it with a *Lover's knot.*
" The FAN, Sir, were the truth revealed,
" Is somewhat like Achilles' shield;
" The beauty of the whole is shrouded,
" The objects being too much crowded."
Well, then, we'll *turn* it, gentle Sophy,—
And paint on this side,—" What?"—a *trophy;*
The deep-mouthed cannon forward hurled,
The bloody banner half unfurled;
The drum, the trumpet sounding far
" The pomp and circumstance of war!"
All that *Bellona's* self can yield,
To charm a Hero to the field.
'Tis finished, Ma'am—nay, cry not *tush!*
Too long I've held the artist's brush;
And ne'er since Woman first was sainted,
Was FAN so dizened out and painted.

THE ENGAGEMENT

OF

FINGAL AND THE SPIRIT OF LODA,

Translated into English Verse.

COLD and wan rose the Moon in the eastern skies,
On his heath-bed extended each warrior lies;
Their helmits of blue-steel shine bright to the beam,
And the slow-fading camp-fires at intervals gleam.
But the soul of great FINGAL inclined not to rest,
While by foe-men the friend of his youth was oppressed;
Clad in arms he ascends to the hills, sad and slow,
To mark if the tower-flame still told of the foe.
Still the war-sign appeared, but far distant and pale;
The Moon hid her face in the dark cloudy vail;

When, lo! from the mountain a blast shrilly sings,
The form of great LODA it bore on its wings.
Dark clad in its terrors the Spirit drew nigh,
His airy spear gleamed as he shook it on high;
Like flames in his dark face his eye-balls appear,
Like thunder at distance his voice strikes the ear.
But FINGAL, unmoved by the sound or the sight,
Advancing thus spoke to the Vision of night.

Why here, Son of Darkness, thy footsteps delay?
Take the wings of thy tempest and haste thee away;
Why comest thou to me with thy shadowy spear?
Didst thou think thy dread form would move FINGAL to fear?
No! weak is thy cloud-composed sword and thy shield,
Thyself and thy arms to the mountain-blast yield:

Avaunt, Son of Darkness, no longer delay,
Take the wings of thy tempest and haste thee a-
way.—
And would'st thou, rash Mortal, compel me to
fly,
The Phantom indignant thus answered on high;
The people adore me in many a land,
The wide-rolling battle obeys my command;
Whole nations decay, when my wrath I disclose,
And the dark blast of death from my nostril flows;
On the clouds I ride proudly o'er each prostrate
shore,
Commanding the tempest to roll on before;
But far above storms my calm dwelling is placed,
And pleasant and wide are the fields of my rest.
Go then, cried the King, thy calm dwelling en-
joy,
Let no thought of Fingal thy pleasures destroy;
Do *my* steps ascend thy dominion to share?
Do I meet thee in arms in the regions of air?

Why then frown on me, or advance thy thin spear?
'Tis vain, for the mighty ne'er moved me to fear.
And shall Night's gloomy sons give my bosom a-
larms?
No! too well I know of their weakness in arms.
Fly! fly to thy land, the dread Vision rejoined,
And seize, while I give it, the favouring wind,
For, know, that the blast in my wide hand I form,
I brew the wild tempest, and urge on the storm!
Now my son must prevail—Carrickthura shall
flame,
For Sora's king bends at the stone of my fame.
Fly then, Son of Comhal, with speed to thy land,
Or the fire of my vengeance receive at my hand.—
He said, and bent forward his form from on high,
His meteor-javelin seemed ready to fly;
But Fingal advancing despised the command,
The sword of great Luno he bore in his hand,

Through the form of the ghost it rushed keenly
and bright,
Revealing its path in the darkness of night.
Without shape fell the form like a column of
smoke,
As slowly it mounts from the half-consumed oak;
The boy with a staff the thin fabric destroys,
And smiling, the wide spreading ruin enjoys.

PEACE:—An Ode.

Where shall the meek-eyed Nymph be found,
Sweet Peace, with olive branches crowned?
Who never yet was known to come
Beside shrill fife, or stormy drum;
To courts and camps an equal foe,
Despising each, and shunning all
The idle pomp, the gaudy show,
The masquerade, the midnight ball,
What Fashion's giddy sons would vainly Pleasure call!

Nymph divine! say dost thou dwell
In Druid's cave, or Hermit's cell?
Or in the mighty wilderness,
Unvisited since time began,
Save by the lonely pelican;

Where solitude and silence reign,
And nought is heard around, unless
Hoarse thunder rend the clouds in twain;
Where Echo slumbers in her mossy cave,
And all is still throughout, as if 'twere Nature's grave!

Or, has fell Discord rudely driven
Thy white-robed angel form to heaven?
And shall we mourn and mourn in vain,
For thy return to earth again?
Shall War and Crime usurp thy sway,
And cloud with woe man's fleeting day?
Shall Despotism's iron yoke
For ever on the neck remain,
The bond of Slavery ne'er be broke,
But free-born Nations hug their chain?
No:—LIBERTY! thy glorious star
So long obscured, shall brightly shine,

For "Freedom! Freedom!" bursts afar
  From Wolga to the rapid Rhine!
Germania's sons, roused at the word,
Grasp, keenly grasp the avenging sword!
And He, whom mad Ambition led,
Who laughed while subject Nations bled,
  And smiled to hear their groan;
With conquest's crimson-flag unfurled,
Like Ammon's son sighed for a world,
  Now trembles for his throne!

At thy return the heart shall bound,
Sweet PEACE, with olive branches crowned!
Then Commerce with her swelling sail
Shall many a distant nation hail;
Blithe Industry shall smile once more,
Whilst busy Trade plies as before,
The Plough, the Shuttle, and the Oar!

Thy presence shall our joys increase,
For all must own thy blessings, PEACE!
Then lead forth Plenty's jocund band,
And wave on high thy silver wand,
Bid Discord cease, hush the dire din of war,
Whilst all the Nations hail with joy thy healing star!

21st December 1813.

LINES TO A LADY

With some MS. Poems.

O GENTLY scan each blemish here,
And hush the Poet's anxious fear;
But if a beauty catch thine eye,
Pass not the flower unheeded by.

Rude, unconnected are his themes,
Of idle hours the various whims;
And small, if any, is his claim
To Minstrel, or to Poet's name.

To Love, alone, he owes each lay,
In life's untutored early day;
And who, by Love and Fancy fired,
But felt, or thought himself inspired?

ODE TO PEACE.

Come, gentle Peace, enthroned on high,
Above the vaulted starry sky,
(There only thou art found),
Descend, and at the Muse's call,
Shed thy blest influence over all
The bleeding Nations round.

What joy, what pleasure crowned the day,
A thousand blessings marked thy stay
With Man in Eden's bower;
Young Love with thee sat smiling there,
And *Hope* and *Mercy*, gentle pair!
Shed o'er his heart their power.

Mild was thy reign, though short thy sway;
Man, restless Man, soon went astray,
By lawless passion driven;

He courted War, and Hate, and Pride,
And thou with *Mercy* at thy side,
  Regain'dst thy native Heaven!

When shall that voice be heard again,
"PEACE! PEACE! on Earth, good will to
    Men!"
  Resounding from afar?
As, when at lowly JESUS' birth,
Thou once didst dwell with Man on Earth,
  And Shepherds blest thy Star!

TO LUCY.

WRITTEN IN REPLY TO A POETICAL EPISTLE.

FAIR Mistress of the soothing lyre,
Can my rude strains thy Muse inspire?
Can lays, untutored, thus impart
A secret pleasure to thy heart?
And do my lines, o'er Fancy stealing,
To thee convey a kindred feeling?
Bid the moist tear start in the eye,
And wake the sympathetic sigh?
Oft have I strove, in humble lays,
To chant a song in Beauty's praise;
But ne'er before did Beauty deign
To smile upon my votive strain;
And never yet, the task to cheer,
Did sounds so soothing strike mine ear.

Though oft beneath my careless hand
The chords have rung at thy command;
I cannot hope my name to raise,
Or swell the notes to lasting praise:
But partial friends, who love the Bard,
His strains with tenderness regard:
Like sportive butterfly I may
Flutter awhile in sunny ray,
And rove abroad from flower to flower,
(For all are free to Nature's bower),
And ere the Summer months are gone,
And dreary Winter clouds our zone,
Sip the sweet nectar of the rose
Before this little scene shall close.—
Say, Lucy, is the Muse's strain,
That "light from heaven" bestowed in vain?
Misfortune's blast oft sweeps along,
Nor spares the feeling "Sons of Song."

Oft are they doomed, while here, to prove
The bitter pangs of hopeless love;
The tear oft glistens in their eyes,
When broken are Affection's ties;—
Nor sighs nor tears, alas! can save
A loved one from an early grave;
Nor prayers sincere avert the doom
Of parents hastening to the tomb!
No, Lucy, no,—the heavenly strain
Was not bestowed on man in vain;
The pangs of love it can allay,
And charm our fiercest griefs away:
When Fortune leaves us, friends depart,
It soothes and meliorates the heart.
Far from my home—my native land,
The trembling chords have felt my hand,
And murmured forth a sad adieu,
To Feeling and Affection true *.

* Alluding to the Epitaph at page 90, which was written in the Mediterranean.

Rough seas may roll, rude mountains rise,
Can these repress Affection's sighs?
Can warring winds from desert sands
Untie the chord round Friendship's hands?
No :—Love and Friendship can despise
The broadest seas, the darkest skies;
These for a while loved friends may part,
But distance cannot change the heart.

When Scotia's hills, and Fife's fair shore,
Shall charm this breast of mine no more;
When the loved spot that gave me birth
Shall call no tender feelings forth;
When friends I lately left behind
No more shall occupy my mind;
When those I love with heart sincere
No longer to my soul are dear;
When once my breast forgets to glow,
Soon may I quit this scene below.

Adieu! sweet Minstrel, fair and young,
May thy wild harp be ne'er unstrung;
Long may the Muse thy mind employ,
To warble forth the notes of joy;
Long rove amid young Fancy's bowers,
And cull her freshest, fairest flowers.
May Friendship warm,—Affection bland,
Still guide thee gently by the hand;
May Love be yours, by sense refined,
The tribute of a generous mind;
May Sorrow ever flee thy bower,
Whilst thou with pleasure spend'st each hour
May every blessing life can give
Be yours,—while 'tis a bliss to live!

BOLTON,
8th March 1814.

LORD WELLINGTON'S

ENTRÉ INTO FRANCE.

TUNE,—" *The Highland Watch.*"

HAIL! Hero of the emerald isle,
Iberia's great avenger!
Equal to War with all its toil,
Serene in every danger!
The Foe retires at thy advance,
His fate no longer braving;
And proudly o'er the fields of France
The British banner's waving.

Bowed to the dust, Spain scorned to yield,
Or crouch to the invader;
Whilst Britain hastened to the field
With Freedom's sons to aid her.

'Twas British steel repelled the shock,
Their *pas de charge* and drumming;
Three cheers oft told the Gallic Cock
'Twas Britain's Lion coming.

Now Tyranny has fled the plain,
With all his dire attendants;
Then shout, ye Patriots of Spain!
For yours is Independence!—
Ye who have spread destruction round,
Does courage now forsake you?
Beware! lest on your native ground
Heaven's vengeance overtake you!

Edinburgh,
21*st October* 1813.

SONG.

The Birth of Britannia.

Old Neptune long wished for some Isle of the
deep,
Where the throne of the Ocean might stand,
And long o'er the waves in his car did he sweep,
And long had he climbed every dangerous steep,
Surveying each beautiful land.

He wished for a people, free, hardy and brave,
But he sought for that people in vain;
Though many a fair island shone on the wave,
Each king was a tyrant, each subject a slave,
Throughout the extensive domain.

Indignant and frowning he hied him away
To his ancient abode in the North;

Where the loud-howling tempests his mandates
obey,
And round him in sport the wild hurricanes play,
Before they go terribly forth.

From their dwellings of ooze, he commanded his
train
To witness his instant decree,
And loudly proclaimed it, that tired of the main,
To the Spheres he intended to waft him again,
And resign the command of the sea.

Thus speaking, he struck the huge wave as it roll-
ed,
With the trident, the sign of his might,
And lo! from the waters, far spreading and bold,
The Queen of the Ocean, all fair to behold,
BRITANNIA, arose to the sight!

The Sea God was pleased with the work of his hand,
And hailed his attendants around,
Descending from Ocean, he gave them command,
Thenceforth to possess it, and people the land,
And Kings of the Waters be crowned.

For, from henceforth, he said, the sea is your own,
Though the fleets of the world may combine;
From henceforth the monarch who sits on my throne
Shall rule on the Ocean, unawed and alone,
And Peace in the Island shall shine.

And woe to the tyrant who seeks to invade
The bounds of your fair spreading sway,

The waves of your empire shall dash o'er his
head,
And the thunder of Britain in wild volleys played,
Consign him to Death and Dismay.

He spoke; and he quitted for ever the strand,
To be looked for hereafter in vain;
But, ere he departed, he gave from his hand
The Trident, the signal of naval command,
In the Island for aye to remain.

SONG.

CRUEL fair one, wilt thou leave me?
Didst thou sigh but to deceive me?
Go! go! but yet believe me,
None can love so true as I.
Go! go! but yet believe me,
None can love so true as I.

Thou may'st search the world over,
Thou may'st find another lover;
But, false maid, wilt thou discover
Love so true, so pure as mine?
But, false, &c.

I look'd, and saw her bosom heaving,
Saw the rose her pale face leaving;
Mary had not been deceiving,
She but tried this heart of mine.
Mary, &c.

" Never, never shall I leave thee,
" Mary sigh'd not to deceive thee,
" Come, O come, once more believe me,
" None can love so true as I."

Come, &c.

SONG.

TUNE.—" *Twine weel the plaiden.*

TRUE love is a bonnie flower,
That buds in mony a bosom;
But pride's cauld blast will nip its bloom,
And wither ilka blossom.

CHORUS.

Alas! I've lost my luckless heart,
And o' this life I'm weary;
Wi' onie thing on earth I'd part,
Unless wi' thee, my Dearie!

When first I saw thy bonnie face,
Love's pauky glances won me;
Now cauld neglect and studied scorn
Have fatally undone me!

Alas! &c.

Were our fond vows but empty air,
And made but to be broken?
That ringlet o' thy gowden hair,
Was't but a faithless token?
Alas! &c.

In vain I've tried each artfu' wile,
That's practised by the lover;
For nought, alas! when once it's lost,
Affection can recover.
Then break, my poor deluded heart,
That never can be cheerie;
But while life's current there shall flow,
Sae lang I'll lo'e my Dearie!

THE END.

S.

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